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The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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"And then?" the President asked.

"Then I sent Johnson, my secre- to all the hospitals looking after mythical stenographer of my ghter's appearance. Johnson, of rse, did not give his real name, use mine."

"Did you notify the police, or call private detective agency?"

Cuyler shok his head.

"It would get into the newspapers once," he said, "and that would be ply awful. Our lives, our home, friends, our clothes, would be ssed and lied about; all sorts of endos would be thrown out with lish cunning—that I had driven from home, that she might be a im of alcohol or cocaine—you r Mr. President, you know," he luded, scarcely trying to conceal ish of despair.

"Yes, I know—I know," the sident assented soberly, nodding head.

"Therefore, sir," the financir con- ued, in tones of impressive ity, "I have come to at last to make a personal re- st. It is the first time I have ever ed a favor from an occupant of exalted office you hold. I never ld think of asking it but in this icular crisis. . . . To recover daughter, Mr. President, I would el to the very beggar in the st."

The chief executive made no re- nse. None was needed. He waited silence; motionless, except for the ssing light of hopefulness, cour- effection, in his beautiful eyes.

"I cannot call on the police, or on ate detectives," Cuyler repeated, t you can give me, by a single rd, the far-reaching power of an- organization of the kind; a body men who have no equals, and who to be trusted absolutely. . . . k, Mr. President, the aid of the ral secret service."

The quiet, self-contained man sitting osite the great financier lowered yes in thought.

"There are difficulties in the way," said, after a moment of silent con- eration, "but they may be avoid- Of course the secret service is erned only with government mat- , as you know. Yet, if it could e you without interrupting present rations, I would feel wholly justi- in placing the service at your osal. This would be little enough return for all you have done for people, and for their government, e 20 years past, Mr. Cuyler. The ld does not dream, sir, the world never know, perhaps, what you e done to uphold the financial in- ity of this country, to strengthen arms of one administration after ther."

"Please speak no more of that," er interrupted, moving uncom- ably in his chair. "I have simply d to do my duty as a citizen— s all. However," he added with ion, "if you can give me the as- nce requested, I can, perhaps, ex- e a plan which I have definitely ked out."

"You may rest assured that your es will be gladly met!" the Pres- t exclaimed. "It so happens that have here in Washington, or very to the city, the man whom I ider to be the most remarkable ective living—certainly the most re- kable detective living in this coun- He is not a regular member of secret service, but through a er financial arrangement the gov- ment has the right to call on him special work of a peculiarly diffi- character. He is in reality the consulting officer of the service. st at present this man, Wotsirb, engaged on any government r. Under these circumstances he bably at liberty to do work for r people—but he very seldom can nduced to take up private cases. prefers to work for the govern- alone. I suggest that you com- nicate with Wotsirb, put your case his hands, and let him go ahead ex- as he choses. . . . Do this, your daughter will be found."

"I follow your advice implicitly, President. And I thank you

yler rose from the chair and held his hand.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the oth- opening a secret drawer cunningly ived at the edge of his desk. He from the drawer a smal box, and ed it to his visitor, who saw n a leaden object—flattened, mis- en, but unquestionably a bullet.

hat," the President quietly re- ked, "was fired at me two years it crashed through the window, missed my head by a few s, and buried itself in the wall r near the ceiling. This man, ard, was on the case in 15 min- and by midnight had got trace he poor demented creature who the shot. He was thrown off the for several days—our secret ser- then was far behind European ards—but regained it, and fol- the unfortunate across the Ca- n Arctic, over mountain ranges rivers of Alaska, chased him in canoe across Bering Strait, on and on horseback through Siberia China, and finally overtook him bet, where native guards had killed him as he was trying to the Forbidden City.

Wotsirb was an hour late—but he ht back to me a snapshot pho- ph of the dead face, as proof of work."

ment by moment, during this re- Cuyler had been growing more re agitated; and as it was con- d he exclaimed in a whisper:

od God, Mr. President! The coun- ver has heard a word of this!" —and the country musn't hear of . . . I have told you in the ab- confidence investing all dis- n made in the executive office, so you may understand what this Wotsirb is, and what he has

President pressed a button on his desk. His secretary appeared al- most instantly.

"Alberts, kindly get word out to Wotsirb at once that Mr. Cuyler has an important private matter needing immediate attention. Tell him, further- more, it is my special and earnest re- quest that he serve Mr. Cuyler's in- terests as he would serve mine in an emergency. Inform Mr. Cuyler at his hotel, without delay, what Wotsirb's reply is."

Alberts waited, expectant, but the President nodded dismissal, and he left the room, the banker following a moment later.

"Where can I telephone you, say in quarter of an hour, Mr. Cuyler?" the secretary asked.

"At the Beecham."

"All right, sir. If Wotsirb is at home —he lives in the suburbs—you will hear from me by that time."

The secretary went back to his of- fice and the banker stepped out upon the hot, steaming pavement

IV.

He had scarcely reached his apart- ment on the fourth floor of his hotel when the telephone therein buzzed, and over it Alberts told him that the person they had spoken about would call at 2:30. It was then after 11, and Cuyler called up his New York office to talk with Johnson.

This confidential man, long i his em- play, and something more than the usual private secretary, replied that there was no news. He had visited 20 public institutions without giving his name, to inquire after a hypothetical stenographer who was missing from her home, and that afternoon was to extend his search to Jersey City, New- ark and Hoboken.

The financier listened with the in- tentness habitual to him, and, at the close of Johnson's report, briefly gave his orders.

"Keep on the same line until 8 o'clock. Meet me in Jersey City on ar- rival of the Congressional Limited this evening."

He rang off, and sank into a great willow chair to rest for a few moments —the strain was beginning to tell on him. In half an hour he would call up his office again, talk with one of his junior partners about any impor- tant business matter that might have arisen, and be prepared to go over the situation regarding Eleanor with Wot- sirb when the detective should appear.

Suddenly Cuyler bethought himself of food—he felt faint, and at first at- tributed this unusual condition to heat, fatigue, anxiety. Then he remem- bered that he had eaten no breakfast that morning, and had barely swal- lowed a mouthful of dinner at his club the evening previous. As a rule he ate nothing in the middle of the day, so he had fasted for more than 26 hours. He arose and started for the tele- phone to order luncheon sent to his apartment when again the buzzer rang, insistently, and the operator said:

"Mr. Cuyler? One minute, please— New York wants you on the long dis- tance."

The crackle of electric cur- rents momentarily irritated the banker's ear, and then he recog- nised the voice of his right-hand man in his banking house.

"That you, Mr. Cuyler? Yes, this is Bloodgood. After fairly strong opening the market suddenly sagged, and took a sharp downward turn on vague, in- definite rumors that you had suffered a sunstroke and that the news was be- ing concealed. At once a sharp, deter- mined attack commenced all along the line. Almost everything went off five and six points, and it is getting worse. Seems to be a concerted, well-planned raid from some source—probably for- eign, I think.

"The office is full of reporters, ex- tra editions of the evening papers are out, and the street is highly excited.

"What are your instructions?"

Cuyler glanced at his watch. Then he spoke clearly, decisively, briefly, as a general would, knowing his strength, in a sudden engagement. For the mo- ment everything else was forgotten, thrown instantly out of his mind—even Eleanor and the reason for his pres- ence in a distant city.

"Send out strong supporting orders —you have 40 minutes left before the market closes at noon. Pile them in. Give out an authoritative definte state- ment that I am away from town only for the day, that I have telephoned you this personally. If the situation de- mands it, add that I am in excellent health, that the opposition is evident- ly trying to take advantage of my temporary absence to create a scare and that the whole thing looks like a regular happening of the 'silly sea- son.' Tell the newspaper men I will be at the Metropolis club at about 9:30 tonight, and can see them if they wish to call there. . . . Anything fur- ther?"

"Nothing, sir," said Bloodgood. "Good-bye."

The banker hung up his telephone receiver, and again sat down, but this time he did not sink back wearily in an easy chair. Instead, he sat upright before a small table and gazed at its polished surface while rapidly can- vassing the situation in Wall street.

What a pack of hungry hounds they were, that opposition. Most of them rich enough already, and yet esizing upon his absence of a single night— and Saturday at that!—in order to knock down stocks in which they had absolutely no interest; securities owned and paid for by 200,000 men, and half that number of women, all over the world (but principally in this country), who had invested their hard- earned savings in shares and bonds of scores of railroads, mines, manu- facturing concerns, because he, Cuy- ler, was acting as financial trustee, backer, sponsor, for these great enter- prises and because that army of small investors had learned through his long lifetime that he never had misused and never would misuse such a trust, would never stoop to juggle securities for his own aggrandisement, and that his judgment of actual values was so clear, so sound, as to be well-nigh in- fallible.

"Bah!" Cuyler ejaculated, bringing down one great, hairy fist upon the shimmering, trembling table before him. "To think I have to spend time and thought fighting those curs!"

And he wished, for the thousandth time, that he could retire from active business, relieve himself of its cares and worries, throw off the killing anxieties that weighted down his every waking moment, and be for the short rest of his life a free man—free in the sense of that street sweeper down there below his windows, who worked eight hours steadily and then could go home to wife and little ones for a long evening of happiness, and a night of sound, refreshing sleep.

"But I cannot," said Cuyler to him- self, wearily pacing the floor.

There were too many people depend- ent upon him—aged men and women, a host of invalids, countless widows and helpless children, whose little all was in his trust. If he stopped work now his enemies and rivals would do almost anything to wrest control of those varied interests from his junior partners. These were good business men; keen, active, of un- daunted courage, and having trained each one of them in his own office, Cuyler felt sure that in the end they would win such an inevitable strug- gle, should he step down and out but meantime, perhaps for several years, the value of railway and other securi- ties allied with his name would be ham- mered, their earning power would de- cline, and thousands of innocent in- vestors would be pinched because of lessened dividends. . . . No, he he must keep in the treadmill until he died at his desk. That is the way such men do die; and he knew it . . . . He wished, though, that he could take a vacation for a month, or even for two weeks, like his under clerks and stenographers and office boys. Ordinarily it could be done—but with that anthracite strike threaten- ing, with labour leaders, and mine workers, and operators so defiant, so determined not to yield an inch in their great struggle, a vacation was simply out of question. He held the balance of power, for it was his house which furnished sinews of war where- by the mines could be operated suc- cessfully. Back of mine superintend- ent, operator, lessee, owner, stood Cuyler, financier. . . . No, a vaca- tion was impossible. In the late autumn or early winter, perhaps, but not now.

Disheartened, discouraged, exhaust- ed, he threw himself upon a couch and fell into deep slumber. A bellboy knocking on the door interrupted the nap. Could Mr. Cuyler see a gentle- man—a person, that is, the bellboy added thoughtfully—who had an ap- pointment at 2:30?

Mr. Cuyler could and would see him, and waited with considerable curiosi- ty, while the servant went after the visitor, who appeared shortly, entered the room, closed the door, nodded carelessly to Cuyler, and sat down without saying a word.

Cuyler looked him over with one swift glance—a small, slender man, almost frail; complexion pink and white as a girl's; large blue eyes, quiet, devoid of vivacity; hair, mous- tache, beard, yellowish brown.

"May I ask who you are?" the bank- er finally inquired. "You forgot, doubt- less, to send me your card."

"My name is Bristow."

"Bristow?"

"Yes—that is my real name. My pro- fessional name is Bristow spelled backward."

"I see," said Cuyler.

"I asked Alberts for this note of in- troduction," the detective added, hand- ing the other an envelope, the contents of which were quickly scanned.

"First of all, Mr. Cuyler, how long are you to be in Washington?"

"We have about an hour for this conference. I leave on the Congres- sional Limited."

"It's a short time," Wotsirb com- mented. "If we can't get through by then I'll go along to New York with you. Now fire ahead please, and pay no attention to me. I'll absorb every word you say. It's my habit, tempera- ment—method of work, I mean."

Cuyler winced. He was not accus- tomed to take orders from anyone, especially from an employe.

Then he remembered what the Pres- ident had said about Wotsirb, and de- cided to regard him as he would re- gard counsel in an important legal contest—as a specialist whose advice must be followed. And having arrived at this sensible mental attitude, he told the detective all that he himself knew, and all that Mrs. Hazard knew, about Eleanor's disappearance. The girl had entered a car at Seventh ave- nue and Fifty-fifth street, at noon the previous Monday. That was the last seen or heard of her, Cuyler also told what steps he had taken, through Johnson, to find her, and why he had appealed to the President for assist- ance. Keen, careful, logical, he went forward step by step, omitting noth- ing; for he knew that the slightest de- tail might be of first importance, per- haps, in solving the mystery. Every last bit is necessary to a complete structure, especially if it is complex, and Cuyler had planned and carried out too many great enterprises to be un- mindful of this fact.

As the banker talked on and on without a break he watched his vis- itor closely, and wondered what man- ner of man he was, down in his in- most being.

Wotsirb sat loosely in his chair, hands on knees, shoulders and head slightly bent forward, gazing into space. His yellowish hair and beard, his pink cheeks, half-parted lips, vac- ant blue eyes, suggested the poet, the the dreamer, the religious enthusiast who, with more of fire in his nature, might be a fanatic. He seemed to be anything but a man of action who could do things as well as imagine them.

Once, irritated by his visitor's seem- ing inattention, Cuyler stopped short his narrative, exclaiming:

"Do you follow me!"

"Perfectly," Wotsirb replied, with- out moving a muscle, other than those of speech.

"Can you remember all these par- ticulars? Don't you want paper and pencil for making notes as I go along?"

For reply the detective started in with a sentence Cuyler had spoken 10 minutes previous, and continued re- peating word for word, inflection for inflection, every syllable which had followed. It was a marvelous feat.

"Now," he concluded, "I hope you are satisfied. I recollect everything; I forget nothing. I have an automatic memory, and my whole nature ab- sorbs like a sponge that which I hear. It is nothing mysterious—I merely rely on the subconscious self . . . Kindly continue, and do not interrupt me again (unless I give the word) un- til your story is finished."

Cuyler started in his chair, and the other forestalled a possible angry re- sponse by asking, in his quiet, monot- onous voice:

"Have you engaged any new serv- ants lately, or other employes, at your country place, or on board your yacht?"

"Possibly; I dont' know . . . Why?"

"It is well to be cautious. Some such person might be planted in your household, acting as a spy, and send- ing your adversaries reports as to your course of action, and so on."

Cuyler stroked his moustache thoughtfully. He was uncomfortable at the suggestion, but not alarmed in any way. He knew that officers of certain great corporations under his financial control employed scores of secret agents who posed as workmen in rail- ways, mines, mills; and whose busi- ness was to keep the managers there- of informed as to the attitude of the men toward their bosses. In many in- stances these secret agents were high in the councils of labor unions.

"Anything else?" he inquired, lacon- ically, as the other concluded.

"Nothing at present. I'm going with you to New York so as to ask some quetsions on the way. Hereafter I must be able to have immediate ac- cess to you at all times, day or night. I may never need to call upon you; but I must have the right to do so at any moment, in case of sudden emerg- ency.

"From now on, however, I must work along my own lines. I will keep you informed of any development, any hope even, that is well founded, if it would help ease your mind. On the other hand you may prosecute a search, if you choose, wholly independ- ent of me. The first thing Monday morning you will place $25,000 to my credit, so I can draw on it freely for expenses, of which I shall keep and render you later an exact accounting . . . Now it is time to start for the train."

At the railway station all of the afternoon papers were obtained, and Wotsirb sat reading them in the pri- vate drawing room Cuyler had previ- ously reserved in the second Pullman car, while the banker went forward to eat his long-delayed meal.

Just after the train pulled out of Baltimore Cuyler, feeling much better, rejoined the detective, who at once plunged into the question of Eleanor's disappearance.

"Now, about this painter man, Shel- don Winthrop," he began. "Have you any reason to think him in love with your daughter?"

"None whatever."

"Supposing you to be mistaken— supposing that they are in love, would you oppose their marriage?"

"Not in the slightest. On the con- trary, I should heartily approve it. He is a fine fellow—we have known his family for 20 years and I always make him welcome when he comes to the house, which is not often, however."

"Good. I want to meet Sheldon Winthrop as soon as possible—tonight if it can be arranged. Your yacht, the Norseman, is where?"

"At the New York club anchor- age, awaiting orders. I expect to go on board about 10 o'clock, after seeing the reporters at the Metropolis club, and spend the night cruising in the Sound . . . It's pretty hot weath- er, and I want to get a good night's sleep if I can."

Wotsirb nodded, and relapsed into silence. A few moments later he spoke again.

"I want you to wire Mr. Winthrop to meet you at your club this evening. I will be waiting in a cab outside. When he arrives you can send for me to come in, explain briefly your daughter's disappearance, and he and I will go away together for a talk."

As he concluded, Wotsirb handed Cuyler a telegraph blank which was quickly written on and returned to him.

"The chances are that Winthrop would not be in his studio such a hot night," Cuyler remarked, "or at his club, either. He's probably out of town somewhere over Sunday, but you can send the message anyhow, when the train stops at Philadelphia."

Nearly an hour remained while they were speeding northward through Maryland and Delaware, and the detective used it to good advant- age. His listlessness was gone now. Instead he was alert, keen, quick as Cuyler himself—he was seeking, not absorbing, information.

"With Mr. Winthrop out of the way as a possible suitor," he remarked, placing the telegram in his pocket, "do you think your daughter is in love with anyone else?"

"Positively not. Her relations with me have been of the closest a father could have with his child, even closer perhaps than would have been pos- sible had her mother continnued to live. She knows that I wish to see her happily married, and that I would not object to any square, honest, self-respecting man, no matter what his financial or social status. * * * In spite of some appearances, I am pretty old-fashioned, Wotsirb, when it comes to love, marriage, home-life."

"Mr. Wotsirb," the detective quietly corrected, and the other man redden- ed again, but said nothing.

On sped the train and Wotsirb de- cided that one of the first things to do was to find out from a certain unob- trusive gentleman who had member- ship in half a dozen uptown clubs, whether Mr. Cuyler had been indis- creet enough to permit any unscrup- ulous young woman to cajole a prom- ise of marriage from him—a very or- dinary occurrence with rich, elderly widowers, and one likely to lead to all sorts of complications, including severance of family ties. He hardly thought Cuyler had been such a fool, but then you never can tell in such cases. However, the question could be answered offhand, and definitely, by the unobtrusive gentleman, who, because of his ability to acquire val- uable information, received a con- siderable salary in the shape of inter- est payments on foreign bonds— which had cost him nothing and were held in trust for him by bankers in Paris.

It was this gentleman's business to know all about the love affairs of some who posed high in American finance. And in return for such in- formation Wotsirb sometimes ex- changed like data concerning promi- nent Europeans sojourning in Wash- ington and New York. From his standpoint it was perfectly legitimate, a part of the game recognized by those who dealt the cards.

One thing was sure—Eleanor had not disappeared as part of a black- mailing scheme. It would be impos- sible for any human being to black- mail a man having Cuyler's iron will, indomitable powers of mind and body, and those piercing eyes. But as for feminine intrigue planned to cause estrangement of relatives and their loss of a great estate when Cuyler should come to die—well, that was another matter. That was entirely possible.

Of course it might very easily hap- pen that Eleanor was in a hospital either as a result of accident on the street, or of illness due to the over- powering heat. Or she might, per- haps, have suffered that curious in- terruption of mental functions which causes a person in apparent health to suddenly lose his or her identity for weeks at a time. Such cases are not uncommon, as the detective well knew. And in order to look out for these three possibilities—accident, illness, loss of identity—Wotsirb drafted a long message, which he lat- er sent to twenty Secret Service men in as many cities east of Chicago, with instructions to search for a young wo- man whom he described as of Elea- nor's appearance, and whom—the message intimated—was the daughter of a prominent senator.

Whatever scruples the President might have as to making use of the government secret service in a pri- vate matter, Wotsirb had none. For the time being this man had but one object in life, and everything else must bend to it.

His business was to find the miss- ing girl.

(To be Continued.)

"Poetic America," a Briton Says

LONDON—The Rev. Dr. John Clif- ford, the active and militant head of Nonconformity in Eng- land, has been amusing and interest- ing his flock with tales of his won- derful discoveries in America as far as language and customs go. He en- livened a recent discourse most suc- cessfully by introducing a few Ameri- can slang phrases and made a great hit with his audience by telling them of the term "yapper," and designating Lord Hugh Cecil, who had just given an exhibition of how not to behave as a gentleman in the house of commons, as the champion "yapper" of England.

"I collected," the doctor said, "a large number of interesting expres- sions and in each case endeavored and generally succeeded in learning the origin of the phrases or words. In one case I met with failure, and that was in one of the most interesting of the words, namely, 'grouchy.' That was one of the happiest terms I encoun- tered in my travels, but though I ask- ed every one I met, college professors, lawyers, people of various walks of life, no one could tell me the origin of the term. I should like to know it because it is so expressive. I was more fortunate in other phrases and their derivation filled me with admir- ation at the manner in which terms and phrases embodying the poetic and picturesque phrases of American life are retained and embodied in the lan- guage. Take the phrase 'stay with it.' I was told it arose in this manner:

"In the west, when a number of cow- boys would mount ponies one, perhaps, would start in bucking and the crowd would yell to the man on the turbulent animal, 'Stay with it!' What a poetic and picturesque picture it presented of a man engaged in a combat for mastery, and being encouraged by his companions not to contemplate de- feat but to continue fighting and 'win out'—you see I am dropping into the American. What a valuable expres- sion that is for civilization to have and how applicable as advice it is to all sorts of combats in life.

"I was shocked at first when I heard in western Canada a man's wife de- scribed as his 'outfit,' and thought at once that it was a relapse to mediae- valism when a wife was regarded sim- ply as a chattel, but when it was ex- plained to me that in caravans cross- ing the plains the horses, the wagons, the wife, the children, in fact all that went to make future life possible and successful for the hardy pioneer were termed 'outfit' I saw at once that it was a pharse of respect and not meant slightingly.

"That phrase 'holdup,' redolent of stage coach days, how fine it is to ex- press forcible robbery and iniquity.

"A curious phrase was that of the 'tin bucket' as applied to a teetotaller. Then again the term 'taffy,' meaning soft soap, was strange to me. In Eng- land we say 'taffy' when we mean a Welshman. There were numerous other words and phrases that I jotted down in my 11 weeks' travels.

"The brevity caused by hurry I found unexpectedly mostly in signs. In some cities the streets signs read 'St. Paul's' without the addition of 'street,' 'avenue' or 'road.' It is taken for granted that the signs means what is seeable, namely a street, an avenue or a road. In England we have the sign 'Keep Off the Grass.' In America they merely have a sign 'Keep Off,' deeming it unnecessary to saw what to keep off of, as the grass is in plain view. It took me some time to famili- arize myself with the use of the word 'quite' in America. Its meaning in England is entirely different from that in the states.

"Yes, I made many other discoveries in America this time. 'The new wo- man,' for instance; but I must decline to give my opinion of her, as perhaps it is not entirely favorable.

"The last time I visited the United States was in 1898, when my traveling was confined to the east, namely Bos- ton, New York and Philadelphia. Bos- ton I admired greatly for its culture and its steadfast retention of the best qualities of English life. Now I am told that Boston has undergone a great and perhaps not a beneficial change owing to the influx of Irish and French Canadians, who, though of one religion, do not agree.

"Religiously, compared with my vis- its in 1897 and 1898, it struck me that there was greater readiness and sym- pathy and that individuals were hold- ing a wider conception of the Chris- tian religion and its application to every department of human thought and action than they were at that time."

Here the doctor jumped up and with a quick change brought the subject to reciprocity.

"As I said in America, I am a be- liever in reciprocity because I am a free trader, and anything that tends to bring about free trade naturally I am in favor of. I think Laurier will win. There may be a loss of votes in the eastern part of Canada, but the west is solidly for him."

Keep the Windows Shut.

British Australian.

Every dweller in tropical and semi- tropical countries knows that win- dows and doors should be closed in the early hours of the morning, and not opened again until sunset if the house is to be kept reasonably cool throughout the day. They are open- ed widely enough to the breezes of the night, but dark blinds and closed shutters are the secret of keeping the temperature low. However, one can never convince an Englishman of this fact unless he also has seen its dem- onstration abroad.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The Secret of the Portrait.

The morning papers had all announc- ed the fact that the detail of police would that day be withdrawn from the scene of the murder in Christie Place. With them it had been a mere matter- of-fact news item, but with the even- ing sheets it was different. They had had time to digest the matter, and their view of the order was one of surprise. Two or three allowed this feeling to expand itself into headlines of some size; a few also commented on the situation editorially.

Superintendent Weagle had been in- terviewed. He stated that he could not be expected to maintain a detail at 478 indefinitely; even with the po- lice witdrawn from within, so he main- tained, the place would be as effectu- ally guarded as were other buildings. What more was required?

Ashton-Kirk read all this with some satisfaction in the late afternoon.

"They have given the thing even more publicity than I had hoped for," he said, as he helped Pen- dleton in the details of a rough- looking costume which that worthy was donning. "It must be a bad day for news, and they have plenty of space. At any rate, anyone who is at all interested in the fact, is now aware that after 6 o'clock this evening, 478 Christie Place will be un- guarded, except for the regular patrol- man. Of course," with a glance at Pendleton and another in a mirror at himself, "if a brace of rough-looking characters are hidden away within, there will only be a few who know it."

He opened a drawer and took out two black shining objects; the short barrels and blocky shapes told Pendleton that they were automatic revolvers.

"They will throw 10 slugs as thick as your little finger while you're wink- ing your eye as many times," said Ashton-Kirk.

They each slipped one of the squat, formidable weapons into a hip pocket; then they made their way out at the rear of the house. With the collars of their sack coats turned up and their long visored cloth caps pulled down, they hurried along among the dull- eyed throngs that bartered and quar- reled and sought their own advantage.

And when, in the uncertain dusk, a wagon drew up at 478 and two sack- coated, cloth-capped men began carry- ing parcels up the stairs, is it any wonder that Berg, watching from the window of his delicatessen store, said to his clerk:

"Dot furrier that rents dere rooms by der third floor is putting some more things in storage over the summer, yet."

And when the wagon finally drove away, neglectfully leaving the two men behind, it is not surprising that the fancy grocer did not notice it. And, then, when the two policemen who had been on duty during the afternoon, came out, carelessly left the door un- locked, looked up to make sure that they had left none of the windows open, and then strode away with a satisfied air that follows a duty well done, who so keenly watched as to suspect?

The shadows on the second floor lengthened and grew grayer; they thickened in the corners; pieces of fur- niture grew vague and monstrous as the darkness began to cling to them and their outlines became lost; suits of armor loomed menacingly out of the gloom, the last rays of light striking palely upon helm or gorget; hideous gods of wood and stone smiled evilly at the two watchers.

"There was food in the bundles which we carried up, then," comment- ed Pendleton, as he lay back on the old claw-footed sofa.

"Yes," answered his friend. "The per- son or persons whom we expect will hardly come tonight, though we, of course, don't know; if they fail to appear we shall be forced to stick close to these rooms during the whole of tomorrow and also tomorrow night. Perhaps it will even be longer."

"In that case," said Pendleton, a lit- tle disconsolately, "the eatables will be very welcome. But I hope we won't have to stay long enough to finish them."

"Perhaps," said Ashton-Kirk, "I've let you in for too hard a task in this, Pen?"

The other rose up instantly.

"You couldn't give me too much to do in this matter," declared he, earn- estly. "I would do it alone if you were not here, and I had brains enough, Kirk. The thing must end. If it goes on much longer and I keep seeing those infernal insinuations in the pa- pers, I'll go completely off my chump."

There was a little silence; then Ash- ton-Kirk said:

"I never knew that you were—ah— this way, old chap, until the other day. How long has it been going on?"

"Why, for years, I think," answered Pendleton. "Being very distantly re- lated, Edyth and I saw quite a deal of each other when she was a slip of a girl. And she was a stunner, Kirk, even then. Kid-like, I fancied I'd get it all over with when the proper time came; but somehow I never got around to it. She turned out to be a dickens of a strong character, you see; and she ex- pected so much of life that I got the notion that perhaps I wasn't just the right sort of fellow to realize her ideals.

"You know, old boy, there are times when a man thinks quite a bit of himself. This is more especially so be- fore he's 25. But then again there are times when he sees his bad points only, and then of all the unutterable dolts in the universe, he gets the notion that he is the worst. When we were at college and I held down that third base position and hit 320 in the first season, I was chesty enough. I sup- pose you remember it. And when I came into my money and began to make collections of motor cars, yachts and such things, I thought I had taken life by the ears and was making it say 'uncle.'

"Well, we're only grown-up boys, after all. I recall that I thought I'd dazzle Edyth with my magnificence, just as Tom Sawyer did the little girl with the two long braids of yellow hair —do you remember? And it was after I discovered that she was not to be dazzled that I sort of gave up. I was'nt anybody—I never would be anybody; and Edyth would be the sort of woman who would expect her husband to take the front at a jump. And no sensible person could imagine me at the front of anything, unless it was a processi(on its way to the bow-wows."

"I think," said Ashton-Kirk, "that you began to prostrate yourself before your idol; and when a man takes to that, he always gets to thinking mean- lyl of himself The attitude has much to do with the state of mind, I imag- ine. Miss Vale is a courageous, cap- able girl; but you can never tell what sort of a man a woman will select for a husband. Girls have fancies upon the subject, and give voice to them sometimes; but it is the man they choose and not the one they picture to whom you must give your atten- tion."

"I suppose that is true enough," said Pendleton.

"Miss Vale's evident strength awed you," went on the other. "And then your timidity began to magnify her qualities. No woman is what she seems to be to the man who loves her. Miss Vale is not so difficult to please as you thought. I fancy that her en- gagement to young Morris proves that."

"There you have it,' cried Pendle- ton. "That's it, Kirk! I've stood aside considering myself unworthy, and allowed a fellow to slip by me who is as colorless as water. Allan Morris is no more fit to be her hus- band than—" at a loss for a simile he halted for a moment, and then burst out: "Oh, he's impossible!"

"So far as we have tested him, certainly," agreed Ashton-Kirk, "he has shown no great strength of char- acter."

"He's acted like a frightened child all through this affair. He's mixed up in it, and through his weakness allowed Edyth to also entangle her- self. Again and again he's run to her, or called to her, to tell her of some fresh complication that he'd gotten his frightened self into; and to protect him, she has dared and done what would have frightened an ordinary woman into fits."

"I think," observed Ashton-Kirk, "that she has realized his position, to some extent at least. The fact that he is weak has, I think, dawned upon her already; she may also see his evi- dent selfishness before long. If she does—why, might there not still be some hope for you, Pen?"

Pendleton shook his head in the gloom.

"I'm afraid not," said he, hopeless- ly. "Somehow a weak man makes a great appeal to the woman who has grown to care for him. He arouses her mother instinct. And Edyth is so strong that her pity—"

"May induce her to do her utmost to see him through this trouble," in- terrupted Ashton-Kirk. "But it may not carry her much further. When once the thing is over, a reaction may set in. Who knows?"

But Pendleton refused to be com- forted. For a long time they talked of Edyth Vale, Morris, and the kill- ing of Hume. Finally Pendleton said:

"I suppose we can't smoke here to- night, can we?"

"No; the lights might be seen; and we can't tell what sharp eyes are watching the place."

Pendleton sighed drearily.

There were many clocks in the rooms; the policemen must have amused themselves by winding and setting them; for at the end of each hour they began to strike, singly and in pairs. The brisk strokes of the nervous little modern clock mingled with the solemn sonorous beat of an old New England timepiece whose wooden works creaked and labored complainingly. Elaborate Swiss chimes pealed from others; through the darkness, a persistent cuckoo could be heard throwing open a small shutter and stridently announcing his version of the time.

tI was some time after midnight that Pendleton began to yawn. Then Ashton-Kirk said:

"Open some of those blankets, Pen,

RELICS OF THE ARMADA SOLD

In a London auction room a few weeks ago there was sold a service of 22 silver-gilt dishes, so beautiful in themselves and so famous historically that they brought $57,000, says the Youth's Companion. The romantic story of the Harris Elizabethan ban- queting plate, as it is known, is thus told by the New York Times:

At the time when the Spanish Ar- mada had set out to conquer England a certain John Harris commanded 35 volunteers on a vessel called the Adwyse, and a relative, William Har- ris, paid 50 pounds, a much larger sum then than it is now, toward the defense of his country.

The Harrises, as a reward, obtain- ed a considerable share of the loot from the luckless Spanish ships.

In 1581, it is known, the family possessed a few silver-gilt dishes. The spoils from the Armada per- mitted the making of more. Ac- cordingly, the service was extended to 15 dishes and seven plates, severally hall marked for the years 1599, 1600 and 1601, and carrying the marker's mark—three trefoils and monograms. Later on the rim of each was engraved with the coat of arms of Sir Christopher Harris.

Time went on and the civil war be- gan. Sir Christopher's descendant held a command in the royal forces at Plymouth, and became alarmed for the safety of the heirlooms. Accord- ingly he had them hidden away in a cave in the parish of Yealmpton, on Dartmoor, and the secret of their hid- ing place died with him.

For nearly 200 years the Eliza- bethan banqueting service lay in the ground. Then at Christmas time, 1827, the countryside rang with the story of its discovery by three Dart- moor laborers employed by a Mr. Splat, of Brixham, who wished to en- large the cave for storing potatoes. Both the crown and Mr. Splat aband- oned their claims in favor of the Harris family, and the John Harris of the day came into his own again.

Subsequently another descendant of the family, Mrs. Cator, of Trewsbury, Cirencester, purchased the service, and by this lady's orders it was of- fered for sale at Christie's. When unearthed 84 years ago the local ex- perts judged it to be of Queen Anne design. The judges of today know better. For years collectors have been endeavoring to purchase the beautiful pieces privately, but have failed.

JAPAN IS THE VERY PLACE WHERE POLITENESS GROWS

A cluster of little Japanese children at play somehow suggests to me a grand picture gallery, a picture gallery of a nation, says Mortimer Mempes. Every picture is a child upon which has been expended the subtle decora- tive sense of its family or neibghbors, as expressed in the tint of its dress and sash and in the decoration of its little head. It is in the children that the national artistic and poetic na- ture of the Japanese people most as- suredly finds expression. Each little one expresses in its tiny dress some conception, some idea or thought, dear to the mother, some particular aspect of the national ideals. And just as in the west the character of a man can be gauged by the set and crease of his trousers, so in Japan are the sentiments and ideals of a mother ex- pressed in the design and coloring of her baby's little kimono.

Thus, when watching a group of children, maybe on a fete day, one in- stinctively compares them with a gal- lery of pictures, each of which is a masterpiece, painted by an artist whose individuality is clearly express- ed therein. Each little picture in this gallery of children is perfect in itself; yet on closer study it will be found that the children are more than mere pictures. They tell us of the truths of Japan.

The science of deportment occupies quite half the time of the Japanese children's lives, and so early are they trained that even the baby of 3, strap- ped to the back of its sister, aged 5, will in that awkward position bow to you and behave with perfect propriety and grace. This Japanese baby has already gone through a course of se- vere training in the science of deport- ment. It has been taught how to walk, how to kneel down, and how to get up again without disarranging a single fold of its kimono.

After this it is necessary that it should learn the correct way to wait upon people—how to carry a tray, and how to present it gracefully; while the dainty handing of a cup to a guest is of the greatest importance imaginable. A gentleman can always tell the char- acter of a girl and the class to which she belongs by the way she offers him a cup of sake. And then the children are taught that they must always con- trol their feelings—if they are sad, never to cry; if they are happy to laugh quietly, never in a boisterous manner, for that would be considered vulgar in the extreme.

Newspaper Advertisement Points Way To Health

I can truthfully say that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a very good medicine, not alone for kidney trouble, but also for weak and sore back, as well as for rheumatism.

About a year ago I became ill and unable to work, my trouble being a lame back. I read of your Swamp-Root in the newspaper and in an Almanac. Believing it would do me good, I went to my druggist, Mr. Skinner, and purchased a bottle. Finding relief in one fifty-cent bottle, I purchased several more and in a short time was able to continue with my work and am today feeling well and strong. I always recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to my friends as I believe it is as good a medicine as can be found. AUGUST STRONG.

3412 Second Street,
No. Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Skinner makes affidavit that he sold the Swamp-Root to Mr. Strong.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

and lie down. There is no need of two of us watching tonight; I scarcely expect anything to happen."

Pendleton did not expect anything, either, but he said:

"All right, I will, if you'll wake me in a few hours and let me take a turn at it."

Ashton-Kirk agreed. Pendleton stretched himself upon the sofa, and soon his deep breathing told that he was asleep. As the night drew on, the solitary watcher grew chilled in the unheated rooms and huddled himself into another blanket, but he sat near the door leading to the hall, which was slightly ajar; and though his eyes closed sometimes in weariness, he never lost a sound in the street or a tick of one of the clocks. Through the entire night he watched and waited almost without moving; it was not until the dawn of a gray, dirty day began to somewhat lighten the room that he aroused Pendleton. The latter expostulated sleepily when he noted the time; but with scarcely a word the investigator took his place upon the sofa and dropped off to sleep.

About nine o'clock he awoke and found his friend arranging their breakfast upon a small table.

"I say, Kirk," said Pendleton, admiringly, "you did this thing rather thoroughly. There's quite a tasty little snack here; and the thermos bottles have kept the coffee steaming."

At the water tap in the rear the investigator bathed his hands and face; then he sat down with his friend and did complete justice to the breakfast. Afterwards, with their cigars going nicely and a feeling of comfort stealing over them in spite of the rather uncomfortable night, Pendleton said:

"You promised the other night to tell me what made you think that the murderers had failed to secure the thing they sought. The words that the promise was couched in made me think that you had also something to show me, and as we could not light up last night, I've waited patiently until today. Now you must ease my curiosity. Come, tell me a few things."

Ashton-Kirk took his cigar from his mouth.

"I told you," said he, "that the reports of Burgess and Fuller, together with the conversation we had with Tobin, had enlightened me upon these points." As he enumerated them he checked them off with his fingers:

"Why the murder was done.

"The identity of the confederate of Locke.

"That the man would return to the scene of the crime."

"Yes," said Pendleton, "those were the points."

"The first two," went on the investigator, "I will allow to stand for a while. But I promised to illustrate for you and I think I can do so."

Ashton-Kirk here arose and passed through the storeroom and kitchen into the bedroom.

"The writing upon the step in the hall," said he, facing his friend, "directed Locke's confederate to look for something behind Wayne's portrait. As all the pictures of Wayne in the place were broken or otherwise showed traces of rough handling, it seemed that the thing desired must have been found. However, I was not sure about that, as I have told you.

"If you will recall Tobin's remarks of the other night, you will note that the only thing he could admire in the man's character was his fighting spirit. Then it developed that Hume made a boast of having come by this naturally enough. He claimed descent from one of Washington's officers. Tobin could not recall the officer's name; but he related an anecdote of him that was unmistakable. The officer was General Wayne!"

"By George!" cried Pendleton.

"The collection of Wayne portraits was in this way explained. It was also suggested to me that Hume might be an assumed name—that the numismatist might have once been known as Wayne, and that Locke had known him by that name. Of course, it's quite likely that he was not really a descendant of Wayne. But he probably called himself Wayne nevertheless.

"I see," said Pendleton, his hands waving with excitement. "And in the stress of the moment Locke wrote the name 'Wayne' upon the step in candle grease, forgetting that his confederate only knew their proposed victim as Hume." His eyes rested upon the walls and upon the sneering, unpleasant portrait of the murdered man. "He meant that the thing he desired was there," indicating the portrait with an exultant sweep of the arm. "And by George, it must be there still."

He sprang forward with the evident intention of wrenching the picture from the wall; but Ashton-Kirk restrained him.

"Don't," said he. "We'll leave that for our expected visitor."

"Surely," protested the excited Pendleton, "you don't propose to leave the thing there! Think of the risk! You might lose it in the end; for, you know, one never foresees what is to turn up."

"A fisherman must always risk losing his lure," answered the investigator composedly.

They spent the long hours of the day in smoking and talking; and at intervals they ate the sandwiches and other things which had been smuggled in in the guise of packages of furs. And finally the shadows gathered and thickened once again in Christie Place.

CHAPTER XXIV
The Second Night.

The second night of the vigil in Hume's rooms wore on. Unlike the preceding one, the two young men were entirely silent; when they did speak it was in tones so low as to be scarcely above a whisper.

There was a taut, indefinable something in the air that kept the desire for sleep from both; in the brooding darkness they were alert, watchful, expectant. The tobacco-loving Pendleton afterwards recalled with surprise that not once did he think of the weed. But when the queer, mysterious night sounds began to come—those creakings of loose planks, strainings of unseen timbers and untraceable snappings in the walls that are common in old houses—he frequently thought of the automatic revolver; and the chill of the polished metal always felt comforting enough.

The clocks announced the ends of the hours according to their temperaments; coming in the midst of the total silence, the din seemed to Pendleton to be terrific; he pictured appalled criminals on their way through the dark halls, crouching in fear at the sounds. Eleven o'clock struck, and then twelve with its continued uproar. It seemed a long time before one and then two sounded. Pendleton's limbs were beginning to feel loggy and numb because of the chill and the continued inaction. He had ventured to stir them a little, and was wrapping the heavy blanket more closely about himself, when he felt Ashton-Kirk's hand upon his shoulder.

"Hush-h-h!" said the investigator in a whisper.

Instantly Pendleton was motionless; he listened intently, but the silence of the place seemed complete.

"What is it?" he finally ventured to breathe.

The hand upon his shoulder tightened warningly; but there came no other reply. Again Pendleton listened. The door of the show room stood open; Ashton-Kirk had placed it so in order that they might catch any sound that came from the hall. All the other doors leading into the hall from Hume's apartments were securely locked; anyone who ventured into the suite must first pass through the show room where the two waited and watched.

After a space Pendleton's attention was rewarded; a faint, far-off rustling came to him; somehow it gave him the impression of hesitation, non-assurance, timidity; he was speculating upon the queerness of this impression when there came a faint, momentary glow from the hall—mysterious, phosphorescent, unreal; and then it vanished. Both young men were huddled upon the sofa, which was placed facing the open door. A huge Spanish screen was drawn before them; but the black leather was cracked in places; and through these they had a clear view of the hall.

A moment later the glow appeared once more; but this time it was brighter.

"Someone is on the stairs," reasoned Pendleton, his hand going to his revolver. "It looks as though he were lighting matches to show the way."

Between the sputters of light were spaces of darkness; these were filled by the faint guarded rustling. But as the light upon each appearance grew brighter, so did the sound become more distinct; and at length a light resonance, unmistakably a footstep, came from the hall.

Then steadily, softly the sound came on through the darkness; nearer and nearer it drew until at length it became unmistakable. The rustling was that of a woman's skirts! Then, so it seemed, the darkness of the doorway grew denser; the soft, quick breathing of the newcomer became audible; her hands were heard moving over the door frame as she blindly searched for the door.

Then, apparently, she learned that the door was open; a deeper breath showed the relief she felt at this; now she carefully entered the room.

Even before Pendleton's brain realized who it must be, he began to feel a tightening at his heart; and now as he pictured her advancing with out-stretched, groping hands into the darkened room—a room horrible with crime and secret dread—it was all that he could do to hold himself in check. He had almost an overmastering desire to spring up, to cry out to her, to tell her not to fear.

He was still struggling with this feeling when he became aware that she had paused; and, also, that Ashton-Kirk was once more gripping his shoulder with a warning hand. Becoming instantly alert, his senses perceived a stoppage of everything; the clocks seemed to tick more faintly, he could no longer hear the woman breathe. There was an instant of silence that roared with silence, then came the soft, steady padding of feet descending the stair.

Then he heard the girl release her breath in a great, trembling exhalation; the rustle of skirts came quick and sharp in the darkness; he heard the door through which she had entered the room squeak upon its hinges and then close with a click that proclaimed it fast.

After this there was a long pause. Pendleton could hear the faint breathing of the girl, and thought it rather odd that she did not catch the sound of his own. He pictured her leaning against the locked door, her heart throbbing with fear as she listened to the descending footsteps; stronger and stronger grew his desire to leap up and assure her that friends were at hand. But at the same time the warning grip of his companion, who seemed to feel what was in his mind, also grew stronger and stronger.

With the closing of the door, the sounds from the stairs had ceased to reach them. There was a long pause; Pendleton, during this, grew sensible of a long, wavering mental antenna which he projected into the shadows; and its delicate sensitiveness told him of the silent approach of a fearful thing. A long, long time, it seemed to him, but in reality it was remarkably brief.

Then the steps were heard, shuffling and secret, in the hall and very near at hand. A soft, uncertain touch fell upon the smooth glass of the door; down its length the inquiring fingers traveled; then the handle was tried, held a moment and quietly released.

The steps then receded lightly down the hall.

For some moments all was quiet, then there came the scratch of a match from the hall, and its accompanying flare, seen through the glass of the door. A little space more, and a rending sound came to their ears, followed by the falling of some metallic objects upon the floor. Pendleton required no explanation of these sounds; it was plain that the second intruder had come prepared and had forced one of the doors.

All the communicating doors of the suite had been left open; through them came the pushing about of furniture and the drawing down of blinds; then another match flared, followed by a stronger and steadier light, which showed that the second visitor had lighted the gas. The light filtered palely through the various rooms into the one in which the two men and the woman were hidden; by means of this the former could make the latter out in a dim, uncertain sort of way. She seemed unusually tall as she moved noiselessly across the floor, and peered cautiously through the communicating doorways.

What she saw must have startled her, for she drew quickly back, her hand pressed to her heart. Then softly she retraced her steps; they heard the door-catch slip quietly back and were conscious that the door was swung open; the woman then crept inch by inch, so it seemed, down the hall.

It was the bedroom door that had been forced; the two watchers noted the bar of light that slanted from it across the passage. Nearer and nearer the woman approached to it. Pendleton had at first thought that she was making for the stairs; but this died away as she passed them, unheeding. The automatic revolver was in his hand instantly; leaning toward his friend, he breathed in his ear.

"She is going in there."

The blanket slipped from him as he arose to his feet; his legs were still cramped and stiffened, he felt clumsy and unsure. Ashton-Kirk evidently agreed that the time had come for action, for he whispered in reply:

"Through the rooms! I will take the hall!"

Pendleton stepped from behind the screen like a shadow. Through the door leading to the storeroom he had an uninterrupted view of a part of the bedroom; and across the floor he saw thrown the shadow of a man. Noiselessly he tip-toed into the kitchen, the revolver held ready; just outside the bedroom he paused, and drawing to one side, waited. Then he noted the shadow move slightly, and heard a deep rumbling voice say in French:

"You were a devil! Even now as I look at you, you laugh and jibe!" The shadow upon the floor here swung its arms threateningly. "But laugh away. I have won, and it is my turn to laugh!"

Here the shadow slid along and up the wall; peering around the edge of the door, Pendleton saw a man with massive, stooped shoulders and a great square head, covered with thick, iron-gray hair; and instantly he recognized him as the man whom they had seen that night in the doorway of Locke's workshop. The stranger was standing just under the portrait of Hume; he gazed up at it, and his big shoulders shook with laughter.

"What a mistake to make," he said, still in French. "How was I to know that the old devil once called himself Wayne!"

He reached up and took the picture from its hook; with thick, powerful fingers he tore the backing away, and a flat, compact bundle of papers was disclosed. The picture was thrown upon the bed, and the man stood staring at the papers, a wide smile upon his face.

"So this is the secret, eh? Well, Locke will pay well for it, and it will be worth all the risks I have taken."

He was fumbling with a coat pocket as though to stow them away, when there came a swift, light rush, the packet was torn from his hands, and Edyth Valo was darting toward the hall door and the stairway beyond.

But despite his bulk, the man with the stooped shoulders proved himself singularly swift. In two leaps he had overtaken her; dragging her back to the center of the room, he snatched the packet from her in turn. Regarding her with calm, pitiless eyes, he said in English:

"I am sorry, mees, that you have come, eh? Eet makes it mooch harder for me. And I am of the kind that would rather be off quietly, is it not? and say no words to no one."

Edyth Vale, pale of face, but with steady eye, returned his look.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am sorry to do anything," spoke the stranger. "I do not know you, and you will onderstan', will you not, that I can't leave you behind—to talk?"

As he spoke a flashing something appeared from the girl's pocket; he lifted one huge paw to beat her down; but a clenched hand, protected by a corded buckskin glove, thudded against his jaw; his knees weakened, and he sprawled upon the floor.

"Jimmie!" gasped Edyth Vale. "Jimmie Pendleton!"

"Oh, Edyth—Edyth!" was all the man could say. He slipped his arm around her, for she was tottering; and as he helped her to a chair, Ashton-Kirk quietly entered at the hall door.

"Miss Vale," said he, "good-evening."

Without waiting to note if she even gave him a look, he bent over the fallen man and snapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

"A very pretty blow, Pen," said he, admiringly. "Beautifully timed, and your judgment of distance was excellent."

He slipped the fallen paper into his pocket and continued: "Keep an eye on him, for a moment."

Then he stepped swiftly through the hall; a moment later they heard him throw up one of the windows overlooking the street, and a whistle shrilled through the night.

"Paulson is on duty," said the investigator, returning. "He'll be here in a jiffy."

Sure enough, they soon heard heavy steps upon the stairs; and then Paulson and a fellow patrolman appeared in the doorway. Astonished, the policeman gazed at Ashton-Kirk, who nodded to them smilingly, then they tured their gaze upon Pendleton, who was speaking soothing words to the white-faced girl, who, now that the danger was over, clung to him tremblingly. But when their eyes centered upon the manacled stranger who was then dazedly struggling to a sitting position, Paulson asked:

"Who is this?"

"This," answered Ashton-Kirk, "is M. Sagon, a fellow lodger of Antonio Spatola, formerly a very close friend of the late Mr. Hume, and once a resident of Bayonne, in France."

CHAPTER XXV.

Pendleton spent the night at Ashton-Kirk's; and after breakfast he wandered into the library, a newspaper in his hand and an inquiring look on his face.

The investigator was seated in his usual big chair, buried to the knees in newspapers, and making vigorous inroads upon the Greek tobacco. Fuller was just leaving the room as Pendleton entered, and nodding toward the disappearing form, Ashton-Kirk said:

"There is some rather interesting news. I have had Locke, as you perhaps know, under observation for some time. Last night he took the train at Cordova, and Burgess followed him. When he reached the city, he went directly to Christie Place and was seen lurking about in the shadows."

"Humph," said Pendleton, "what time was this?"

"Perhaps about eleven o'clock. Burgess, so Fuller tells me, never lost sight of him. He acted in a queerly hesitating sort of way; finally, however, he seemed to form a resolution and went to the door of the Marx house. He was about to pull the bell, then paused and tried the door instead. It was evidently not locked. He seemed both surprised and pleased at this; he lost no time, however, but went in at once."

Pendleton sat down.

"What do you suppose all this meant?" he asked.

"Well, we can't be too sure," replied Ashton-Kirk, "but I think it probable that he, also, saw the news of the withdrawal of the police in the papers. Perhaps he came to Christie Place with the intention of informing Sagon of the opportunity that then presented itself. Or if might be that he had hopes of somehow over-reaching his companion in crime."

"His lurking about would seem to point rather in that direction," said Pendleton.

"And his preferring to enter the lodging house without ringing also indicates some such idea. As I see it, he hoped to gain the roof unobserved. He knew the house and the habits of the people quite well. No doubt he had a plan, and a good one. He's a thinker, is Mr. Locke."

"If he was noticed, he could indicate that he had called to see M. Sagon."

"Exactly. But I very much doubt his gaining the roof. Perhaps, after all, he was detected; for a few minutes later Burgess saw him leave the house."

"Humph!" said Pendleton. Then, after some time spent in the examination of his paper he threw it down. "It's full of all sorts of allusions to monoplanes and such like," grumbled he. "As I had to take Edyth home last night, and you went bravely away with the police and Sagon, I find myself, as usual, trailing some distance in the rear."

Ashton-Kirk regarded the litter of newspapers ruefully:

"I gave them the heads of the case very plainly," said he, "but as it was almost the hour for going to press I suppose they did not get the finer points of my meaning. Some of them have made a sad mess of it. However, the evening papers will have a coherent account, I suppose."

"If you think I am going to wait until the evening papers are issued to get to the bottom of this thing, you're much mistaken," declared Pendleton. "I demand a full and detailed explanation immediately."

Here a tap came upon the door; Stumph entered and handed Ashton-Kirk a card.

"Let him come up," said the latter; and, as the man went out, he continued to Pendleton. "We will both probably be much enlightened now. It is Allan Morris."

"Just as you said," spoke Pendleton. "It's really almost like second sight."

The investigator laughed.

"A small feat of reasoning, nothing more," said he. "However, an enthusiast might find some of the elements of second sight in our conversation in this room about a week ago."

Pendleton looked at him questioningly.

"It was on the morning that you called to announce the coming of Miss Vale. We were speaking of how it sometimes happened that very innocent things led to the most weighty results; and I remarked, if you will remember, that your visit might lead to my connection with a murder that would dwarf some of those we had spoken of."

"So you did," agreed Pendleton. "That is rather remarkable, Kirk."

"And further," smiled the investigator, "I recall that I expressed great admiration for Marryat's conception of a homicide in the matter of Smallbones and the hag. The weapon used by Smallbones, it turns out, was identical in character to the one used by Sagon."

"A bayonet," cried Pendleton. "By George! So it was."

Just then Stumph announced Allan Morris.

The latter was pale and haggard; his clothes were neglected, and there were some days' beard upon his chin. He seemed astonished at sight of Pendleton; however, he only nodded. Then he said inquiringly to the investigator:

"You are Ashton-Kirk?"

(To be Continued.)

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

There is something wrong with my three-year-old cow. She has lumps on her left hind leg, some as large as a person's thumb, and some are much longer. I noticed some of the lower lumps about five months ago. Several of them have broken open and a bloody pus runs out, then they heal over and form again.

Will someone please tell me what the disease is, and if there is any cure for it?—F., Tylersburg, Pa.

I would like to find out if there is a market for cockle, and if so, where? —S., Wytheville, Va.

Who knows of anything that will take grass stains out of wash goods? —Mrs. R., Youngstown, Ohio.

Will some kind reader tell me what is the trouble with my ducks and what will cure them? At first they are unable to walk, but will eat and sometimes this revives them, so that they recover from it. But it comes on again and they finally die. They are fed on corn meal, bran, cracked wheat and corn, have grit, plenty of water and a clean pen. They are nearly eight weeks old and many are dying.—A., Middleport, N. Y.

RIPE WATERMELONS

I will give my way of telling when a watermelon is ripe. There is always a stem three or four inches long, twisted at end, where the melon starts from the vine. I call it the curl. When the curl is dead and withered the melon is ripe, and as long as the curl is green the melon is unripe. When a melon appears on a vine I cut off the end of the vine so that the strength of the vine goes into the melon.—W., Meadville, Pa.

SOME VALUABLE EXPERIMENTS

That an immense amount of seed is wasted by farmers because they do not know how much to use is well known. To ascertain how far this waste extends, some valuable experiments have been made by the New Mexico station.

It was found that 10 pounds of alfalfa seed put in with a drill in different kinds of soil resulted in a better "stand" than 20 pounds sown broadcast, with same quality of seed.

In the drilled plots the young plants were closer or nearer together and were no doubt able to help one another to some extent in pushing through the surface crust. In this experiment it was found that in clay loam about half as many seeds were required as were necessary in very sandy land.

If the soil be fertile and other conditions favorable the following estimates will be found to be as near correct as it is possible to make them:

Wheat, three to five pecks per acre.
Corn, eight to ten quarts.
Oats, one and one-half bushels.
Kaffir and Egyptian corns, six pounds.
Buckwheat, one bushel.
Rye, three to five pecks.
Beans, one quart to 100 feet of drill, or one and one-half bushels to the acre.
Beets, two ounces to 100 feet of drill, or six pounds to the acre.
Cabbage, grown in beds to transplant, one-fourth pound to an acre.
Carrots, one ounce will sow 100 feet of drill, or four pounds for one acre.
Cucumbers, one ounce will plant 50 hills, or two pounds to the acre.
Lettuce, one ounce will sow 150 feet of drill.
Muskmelons, one ounce will plant 50 hills.
Watermelons, one ounce to 25 hills, five pounds to the acre.
Onions, one ounce for 100 feet of drill, or six pounds to the acre.
Garden peas, one quart will plant 100 feet of drill, or one and one-half bushels an acre.
Tomatoes, grown in beds to transplant, one-half pound for plants enough to plant an acre.
Turnips in drills, two pounds; broadcast, four to five pounds an acre.
Sugar beets, 10 to 15 pounds an acre.

BREEDING LAYERS

The writer's experience is that there is a difference between families of the same breed or varity as far as egg production is concerned. Some families appear to lay much more readily than others, and a few families that have come under my observation require very careful attention and feeding in order to get a reasonagle egg production.

Good, strong, vigorous birds are essential for egg production. The simple fact that a hen has laid 200 or more eggs in her pullet year is not sufficient to warrant her being used as a breeder. The writer has seen a number of 200-egg hens, with long, narrow heads and sunken eyes, which indicate low vitality, and, moreover, has tested a number of them as breeders, and has yet to see one that was worth while breeding from, judging from the performance and living powers of her offspring.

A hen used for breeding, especially for the production of males to head the breeding pens the next season, should not only be expected to lay a large number of eggs per year, but these eggs should be high in hatching power and the chicks should live, and, furthermore, they should develop into good-sized birds quickly and the pullets should lay well. Perhaps it might be well to give here the method that is used by us in breeding from selected layers.

The hen is required to be a good winter layer and to lay at least 150 eggs in her pullet year. The next requirement is that her eggs hatch well—that is, it is expected that over 80 per cent of the eggs will be fertile and 90 per cent of the fertile eggs will hatch. It is then required that 90 per cent of the chicks will live to five months of age and that the cockerels at this age be well developed and weigh—if from general purpose breeds—at least six pounds each, and, finally, that the pullets be good layers. If the pullets lay well during the fall, then I consider holding their brothers as breeders. We try as far as possible to test the males along similar lines, as to producers of plenty of strong pullets and lay well. There is probably as much difference between males as there is between females.

The above method entails much work, so much that it is only practicable to experiment stations and to a few specialists. I would strongly urge the breeders of pure bred stock to exercise as much care as possible in trying to produce families or strains that are high in living power and growth of the chicks.

There are many who cannot adopt the above method, but to the average grower the best advice we can give is to select a male that has been strong and vigorous from a chick up, one that has matured to normal size quickly and that has never been unthrifty. Small, fine-boned, quick maturing males have been disastrous where they have been used, probably not the first season, but shortly afterwards.

The hens bred should be the best you have. Select the hens that are active and look thrifty. Avoid the narrow-headed ones and those that are lazy and awkward.—W. R. Gilbert, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

HOG RAISING

H. M. Cottrell gives the following advice to the beginner in hog raising. Select any one of the breeds you like best. Get a good judge of hogs to select for you from one to five sows, not more. Select good individuals that come from prolific strains on both sides. The man who has had no experience with hogs should start with one choice brood sow. His herd will increase as fast as his ability to manage it.

With careful management 12 to 20 pigs should be raised the first year from a prolific, mature sow. The beginner should study his hogs closely, becoming acquainted intimately with their habits their likes and dislikes, learning what they need and what is good for them. Cheapness in production is the first point to be mastered by the beginner. In his breeding he should work for large litters, early maturity and quality.

Starting with one sow, it will pay to buy a mature one that has shown that she will produce good pigs and raise eight to ten at a litter. She should have two litters a year. Cheap shelter can be made with straw or boards. The beginner can watch his small lot of hogs carefully and learn how to make them grow rapidly at least expense. If any trouble occurs it can usually be seen in a small lot of pigs before it is past curbing.

When there is a loss it will not be heavy and the grower will get his experience cheaply. The second three or four of the best sow pigs should be saved with their dams. The third year the grower should have learned enough about growing hogs to be able to handle 10 hogs and their produce and after that he should know enough to slowly increase his hog herd to the limit of his farm.—Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

CANKER MOUTH

When canker of mouth, lips and the whole face afflicts hogs, filthy conditions harboring the germs that produce the disease are indicated. The affected parts should be cleansed immediately with some antiseptic that will destroy the germs and not destroy any of the healthy tissue. A 5 per cent solution of nearly any of the coal tar products or a one-half per cent solution of permanganate of potash will generally suffice, but it is well to apply the same antiseptic to the mother's udder, and it should be used two or three times daily until cured.

TO RAISE GINSENG

Owing to years of systematic hunting for its roots very little ginseng remains growing in its natural state in the woods and in order to supply the demand it has been necessary to resort to artificial cultivation.

A correspondent of Fur News describes the ginseng garden in Rutland county, Vermont, started six years ago from wild roots, though the subsequent plantings have been from seeds. The seeds planted in the fall do not come up until the second year.

The beds were made of sand, well rotted horse manure, leaf mold and the like, forming a soft soil such as is found about the roots of trees in the woods. The soil is mulched each fall with old leaves. A network of slats is built over the beds to simulate the shade of the woods, as frequent sunshine upon the plants invariably kills them.

By exercising due care in the preparation of the beds the plants thrive as well as they do in the natural state. Very few weeds grow among them on account of the shade, and consequently they need very little attention except in case of blight, which occasionally attacks the plants and retards their growth. A spraying of Bordeaux mixture is effective in Checking this blight.

The root, which gets its growth in five or six years, is the ginseng of commerce and is called manroot, because it frequently assumes the form of a human body. The first frost of autumn knocks down the plant and the matured roots are then dug and dried ready for market. Ice and snow have no effect upon the roots and they grow from year to year. The beds under cultivation are so planted that one matures each autumn.

The dried roots are worth seven to eight dollars a pound in this country, though the Chinese, who consume by far the greater portion of ginseng produced, pay a much higher price for it. Ginseng thrives best in cold climates and is extensively grown in Canada, northern New York and the New England states.

FOUND RIGHT PATH

After a False Start.

"In 1890 I began to drink coffee.

"At that time I was healthy and enjoyed life. At first I noticed no bad effects from the indulgence, but in course of time found that various troubles were coming upon me.

"Palpitation of the heart took unto itself sick and nervous headaches, kidney troubles followed and eventually my stomach became so deranged that even a light meal caused me serious distress.

"Our physician's prescriptions failed to help me and then I dosed myself with patent medicines till I was thoroughly disgusted and hopeless.

"Finally I began to suspect that coffee was the cause of my troubles. I experimented by leaving it off, except for one small cup at breakfast. This helped some but did not altogether relieve my distress. It satisfied me, however, that I was on the right track.

"So I gave up coffee altogether and began to use Postum. In ten days I found myself greatly improved, my nerves steady, my head clear, my kidneys working better and better, my heart's action rapidly improving, my appetite improved and the ability to eat a hearty meal without subsequent suffering restored to me. And this condition remains.

"Leaving off coffee and using Postum did this with no help from drugs, as I abandoned the use of medicines when I began to use the food drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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SEED WHEAT

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By special arrangement, THE RATKIN'S SEED HOUSE, of Shenandoah, Iowa, agree to mail FREE, a copy of their Winter Seed Wheat Catalog and a sample package of their New Imported Malakoff Wheat (a new Russian variety), to any and all who mention this paper. Write them today. The address is RATKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa, and you will receive the catalog and samples by return mail.

A Styrian Peasant Superstition.

London Standard.

A lawsuit for libel brought by an apothecary in Pollau, in Styria, against a young peasant reveals an extraordinary superstition prevalent among the country people. They believe that apothecaries and doctors have the right to kill at least one man and one woman every year in order to make medicines out of their bodies.

An accidental movement of the apothecary at Pollau, Herr Kobermauser, when giving medicine to a boy named Putz led the latter to believe he was going to be killed. He ran away but got such a fright that he fell ill. The inhabitants believed his story and boycotted the apothecary, who was at length compelled to prosecute. Putz was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment, but his parents, who had spread the story, were acquitted on the ground that they had acted in good faith.

Use of Old Parchment.

London Globe.

It is interesting to know what becomes of the various articles used in daily life after they have served their original purpose. Science frequently transforms them to serve new ends, and the methods employed are often of scientific interest. A note in a scientific periodical calls attention to the transformation of old parchment. After chemical treatment to remove the ink and careful cleaning the old parchments may reappear as "fine French kid gloves." The scraps furnish "size" and stuffing for tennis balls.

Thackery and Charlotte Bronte.

London Chronicle.

Thackeray was one of the great eaters and rejoiced in "the extraordinary increase of appetite in Belgium." But the women will not celebrate him with a dinner at the Charterhouse. They will stand aside with Charlotte Bronte, who found her hero and was disappointed. She clasped her hands and pleaded, "Please don't, Mr. Thackeray." For the great man had asked for more potatoes. He was a great man at dinner—and to the little woman disappointingly small.

If Thackeray had passed the potatoes Charlotte Bronte would have gone home happy.

Our Non-Contiguous Territory.

American Asiatic Ass'n's Journal.

Trade of the United States with its non-contiguous territories in the fiscal year which ended with June will exceed $200,000,000, against less than $100,000,000 in 1904. In this trade merchandise received in the United States slightly exceeds in value that sent to the territories in question, though shipments from he United States show the larger and more rapid growth.

In 1903, the earliest year for which complete records are available, the shipments from the United States to the territories under discussion—Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines—aggregated $36,000,000; in 1910, $83,000,000, and in 1911 seem likely to be $96,000,000, a gain of $60,000,000, or nearly 170 per cent.

Inward shipments from the territories were $50,000,000 in 1903, $108,000,000 in 1910 and at the rate of $107,000,000 in the ten months of 1911, a gain of $48,000,000, or 8 per cent, over 1903. The largest gain in outward trade with the non-contiguous territories was in shipments to Porto Rico.

Special Trains Common Nowadays

Railway Age Gazette.

Trains de luxe, special and not special, are now literally too numerous to mention. The Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of Oklahoma City left for Rochester, N. Y., in "the finest train ever sent out from Oklahoma City," steel sleeping cars, dining cars, etc., all electric lighted and with a conductor and brakeman who were members of the Shrine. Including their wives and a band of music, the company numbered 100. The train of steel cars, which is to be furnished by the St. Louis & San Francisco and the New York Central for Texas members of the National Ad Men's convention, held in Boston the last of July, was the "most modern ever operated in the southwest." To turn for a moment from outer to inner delights, the latest novelty in the transportation of merchandise is the "Raspberry Special," of the American Express Co., running from New Albany, Ind., to Chicago.

Couldn't Get 'Em Out.

It is said, according to the New Orleans Picayune, that once when Reginald De Koven was touring the country he found himself in the town of Dayton on Sunday. They told Mr. De Koven that an Episcopal church in the neighborhood had a superb organ. Accordingly, he went to that church, ascended the organ loft and sat beside the organist during the morning's service.

"You seem to know something about music," said the organist in a condescending way. "I'll let you dismiss the congregation, if you like."

"Why, yes," said Mr. De Koven, "I would like that very much."

Accordingly, at the end of the recessional he exchanged places with the organist and began to play Mendelssohn's Spring Song. He played beautifully. The Dayton people, enthralled by the wonderful music, refused to depart. They sat in rapt enjoyment and after the Spring Song was finished Mr. De Koven began something of Chopin. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was pushed off the music stool.

"You can't dismiss a congregation," said the organist impatiently; "watch and see how soon I'll get them out."

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The Drought in India.

London Globe.

The Indian climate is as stable as its own has recently become. Only rare occasions does the weather ord a topic of conversation. But of those rare occasons is now us. The evert dominating In- rural life is the monsoon, which expected in June and blows till tember. Should the monsoon fail crops perish and famine is upon people. This summer the rains e proved deplorably feeble. There ill time for the crops to be saved, as heavy clouds are generally re- ed, the situation is by no means less. But there is grave cause anxiety. A shortage of rain is re- ed from 147 stations and already is serious trouble over practical- he whole of Northwestern India. he bright feature relieves the gen- blackness of the position. In the ed Provinces and the Punjab ir- tion works have partially made for the failure of rain. It happens the spring snowfall in the Hima- was exceptionally heavy, so there is plenty of water. It is in that the anxiety which has felt in the Punjab these last few will develop into a demand for and more comprehensive irriga- works.

At a Musicale.

ed—"There seems to be a lot fuss made of Miss A.'s singing Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. by far the richer voice."

ck—"Ah, yes; but Miss A. has by the richer father."

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN USE **ABSORBINE, JR.** LINIMENT FOR IT

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I had no recurrence of the trouble during the last years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Lumps, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. $2.00 and $5.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 6 free. Write for it.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Cowboy Hats 2,000 Years Ago.

London Globe.

That there is nothing new under the sun is becoming more and more axiomatic. It is suggested that the Egyptians under Pharaoh knew of radium, that the Assyrians and Chaldeans were acquainted with electricity and that aviation was not unknown to the ancients.

Now we learn that frescoes and bas reliefs in Crete show that in the depths of past ages huntresses wore leather boots, with big hats like those used by American cowboys, and that an archaeologist has come to the conclusion that the fashionable Cretan ladies 2,000 years before the Christian era appeared in public with boots with heels, the straight mantle and jupe culotte, in fact, just like a lady from one of the celebrated dressmaking establishments in the Rou de la Paix.

Seat of the Confederacy.

W. McK. Darwood, in letter to New York Times.

In an article headed "Bailey Defends Secession," it was stated that a certain negro, James A. Jones, who served as Mr. Davis' body servant, was the only man living who "knows where the seal of the Confederate states is, and he won't tell." This is not warranted by facts. On the 2d of September, 1892, I visited Trinity library, Cambridge, England, and was there shown "the great seal of the Southern Confederacy, presented by Judah P. Benjamin," and I have no doubt it is there yet.

And They Play Every Night.

Boston Transcript.

"So Bronson doesn't play on your ball team any more?"

"No; he's married, settled down and is the father of twins."

"I see; he has a bawl team of his own."

His Modest Hope.

Washington Herald.

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?"

"Nix," answered the politician, guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

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$2.00 bill brings you this entire set—the table and chairs. The extension table is of the popular design with a large 42 inch top that extends 6 ft. It is made of fine American quartered oak, which has a large flaky effect. The entire table is polished to a brilliant brightness. Pedestal is massive and substantial. The 6 elegant chairs are of American quartered oak to match the table. Each chair is highly polished, handsomely finished. An elegant design that will last for years of service.

$2.00 A MONTH Put this dining set to a good, thirty-day test in your home. If you are not satisfied and want to keep it pay us $1 per month until you have paid in all, including interest, $16.85, our direct-from-factory price of **$16.85**

Money Back Guaranty

If you don't find the set entirely satisfactory after a thirty-day test—if you don't find it all we claim it is in every respect—notify us and we will send for it and every cent that you have paid us, including freight charges. Our own gigantic capital and multi-millionaire resources make our guarantee the strongest kind ever printed. And the fact that we don't receive a single letter of complaint from our customers proves that we have endorsed our methods of square dealing.

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ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

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Mead Cycle Co. Dept. B-54 **Chicago**

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WESTERN RESERVE

Will you kindly tell what you know about the Western Reserve in the columns of the Question Bureau?—E. L., Harrisville, W. Va.

After the war of the Revolution, disputes arose among several of the states respecting the right to the soil of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, they basing their claims on the original charters granted by the English crown. To settle the matter the whole was ceded to the United States government by the states, Virginia reserving 3,709,848 acres in the southern part of Ohio, and Connecticut 3,666,921 acres in the northeastern corner of the state. The first tract is called Virginia military lands; the Connecticut tract, the Western Reserve. Jurisdiction over these tracts was relinquished in 1880 to the national government, the states retaining ownership of the soil. Connecticut sold her lands to settlers, and used the money for her common schools.

The Western Reserve is bounded on the north by Lake Erie, on the east by Pennsylvania, on the south by the 41st parallel of latitude, and on the west by a north and south line 100 miles west of the Pennsylvania boundary. This line is the eastern line of Seneca and Sandusky counties, Ashtabula, Trumbull, part of Mahoning, Portage, Geauga, Lake, Cuyahoga, Summit, Medina, Lorain, part of Ashland, Huron and Erie.

EARLY LAYING PULLETS

Now is the time to make the plans and also to "get busy" working for a good crop of eggs this winter.

The early pullets must be well looked after and their growth forced a little so that they will be sure to begin laying by the first of November at least. Ever effort should be made to accomplish this in order to have the pullets laying through the winter when eggs are high. If they do not begin before cold weather they are very apt to wait until spring, and it is very poor management to raise a pullet all summer and then have to keep her all winter before getting any eggs. She will have to lay remarkably well when she does begin to pay for her keep during this year of idleness.

It is much better and more profitable if the pullets are so treated that they begin to lay when five or six months old.

The pullets while growing should have plenty of good food, plenty of exercise and clean quarters and be kept free from lice.

Give them a variety of grains and good fresh meat scraps. Spoiled meat is sure to cause sickness, so be sure the scraps are sweet. They should have a good run on green pasture, but if they cannot have this give them plenty of cut clover or alfalfa or rape. Granulated charcoal should always be where they can help themselves and also ground bone and oyster shells, with, of course, plenty of cool, fresh water.

Skim milk is very good for them and will be a great help in keeping them healthy. Every three or four days thoroughly mix a teaspoonful of soda to a gallon of the milk. It will prevent bowel trouble. If they have been raised on dry feed and allowed to help themselves from feed coops or hoppers keep up the practice. They will not overeat, being young and active, and the more they eat the faster they will develop.—St. Louis Star Farmer.

NAPOLEON III.

Please give a sketch of Napoleon III.—C. W., Roanoke, Va.

Napoleon III., emperor of the French, was born in Paris April 20, 1808; and died in Chiselhurst, England, January 9, 1873. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, the king of Holland. He was educated in Switzerland. October 30, 1836, by a conspiracy at Strasburg, he was declared emperor. Napoleon was arrested and sent without trial to the United states, but returned to Switzerland the following year, went to London in 1838, and two years later landed at Boulogne for a fresh attempt against Louis Philippe. This time he was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham under a life sentence, but he contrived to escape in 1846. At this time he wrote several books. On the outbreak of the revolution he hastened from London to Paris, where he announced that he came to serve under the republican flag. After several trips between this city and London he announced his candidacy for president. He was elected and for a time everything moved in harmony, but in 1849 Napoleon formed a new ministry who were only his tools. A crisis came in 181 and the empire was established. On January 29, 1853 Napoleon married Eugenie Marie de Montijo. Countess de Teba. He engaged in the Crimean war, and 1862 got into trouble in Mexico. In 1870 war was declared between France and Prussia as the result of Prussia offering the Spanish crown to Leopold of Hohenzollern. Napoleon took the chief command of his army and was taken captive by the Germans. A revolution again occurred in France and he was dethroned. The empress and her son secretly left Paris for England, where they were joined by the emperor in 1871. Napoleon was not a very good statesman, and was unfortunate in the selection of his advisers and subordinates.

JOSEPH SMITH

I would like to have you give a short sketch of the life of Joseph Smith, the Mormon.—J. M. G., Thompsonville, Ill.

Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, was born in 1805 and died in 1844. He received but little education in his early youth, and he lived an idle life. He began to have visions when only 15 years of age, and in 1823 the angel Moroni appeared to him in a vision announcing that God had a work for him to perform and that buried in the earth was a record inscribed on gold plates. This record was written in a language no longer existing which could only be deciphered by the use of certain spectacles. In 1830 the record was copied and printed in book form.

Smith formed a small band of followers and founded a new religion at Kirtland, Ohio. Being driven away in 1823 they went to Missouri where Smith had selected a site for settlement. The Mormons became obnoxious to the inhabitants and were compelled to leave the state, going to Hancock county, Illinois, where they established a colony at Nauvoo. In six years the population numbered 15,000. Smith soon put forth new revelations, among others the one establishing polygamy and combining in his own person all civil, military and municipal authority. A newspaper being set up to oppose him the presses were destroyed by Smith and his adherents. Warrants were issued for his arrest, the Mormons arming themselves. Smith and some of his followers were committed to jail at Carthage. A mob assembled and began firing into the jail, killing Hyrum Smith at once. Joseph Smith returned the fire until his ammunition was exhausted. He then endeavored to escape, but was shot dead.

LABOR DAY

Please tell how Labor day came to be celebrated in the United States.—S. G. R., Newaygo, Mich.

Labor day is celebrated on the first Monday in September, and is a legal holiday in all the states and territories except Arizona, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota and Louisiana. The celebration of the day was originated by the Knights of Labor, who held a parade in New York in 1882 and again in 1884, when resolutions were passed to hold all parades on that day. The workingmen of all organizations then began agitation to have the day made a legal holiday and in 1887 the first law to that effect was passed in Colorado. In Europe the celebration of the first of May as Labor day was begun in 1890 with a demonstration in favor of the eight-hour day. It was at that time and for a few years later much feared and violently opposed by the various governments, and there were many clashes between the police and soldiers and the workingmen. It is now usually celebrated without trouble by parades, large meetings and general cessation of work.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Please give a short sketch of the life of the Duke of Wellington.—F. M. A., Richwood, W. Va.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born in 1769, and died in 1852. He was educated at Eton, at Brighton, and at the military college of Angers. In 1787 he received a commission as ensign, and after a rapid series of changes and promotions, attained by purchase, 1793, the command as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d regiment. For the next two years he served with his regiment under the Duke of York at Flanders. He then went to India, where he served with success. In 1802 Wellesley became a major-general, and the following year was appointed to the chief military and political command in the operations against the unruly Mahratta, where he succeeded Lord Cornwallis as commander of his own regiment. He later entered parliament and became secretary of state for Ireland. In 1808 he attained the rank of lieutenant-general, and in June received the command of a force destined to operate in the north of Spain and Portugal. The next year he took chief command in the Peninsula, and by the famous passage of the Douro and the defeat of Soult which followed, fittingly opened this masterly campaign. For the victory at Talvera the government raised Wellesley to the peerage as Viscount Wellington. He won victory after victory, his success being rewarded by his being made marquis and field marshal. In 1814 he won the battle of Toulouse, in which Soult's best troops were routed and the hopes of France in the Peninsula utterly amnihilated. For this the triumphant general was made Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington. He commanded against Napoleon at Waterloo. With the return of peace he resumed the career of politics. He was in the cabinet of Lord Liverpool in 1819, and 1822 represented Great Britian in the congress of Vienna, in 1826 he was apopinted high constable of the Tower, and in 1827 succeeded the Duke of York as commander-in-chief of the forces. In 1828 he accepted the premiership, resigning the command of the forces to Lord Hill. In 1829 he was appointed governor of Dover Castle and lord warden of the Cinque Ports. He accepted office under Sir Robert Peel in 1834-41, and again in 1846, when he helped to carry the repeal of the corn laws, which till then he had opposed. In 1842 he resumed the command of the forces.

MAMMOTH CAVE

I wish you would give a description of Mammoth Cave in the columns of the Question Bureau.—T. H. H., Uno, W. Va.

Mammoth Cave is believed to be the largest known cavern in the world. It is situated near Green river, in the central part of Kentucky, about 75 miles south and southwest of Louisville. It was discovered in 1809, and it has always been the property of private individuals. The mouth of the cave is reached by passing down a wild, rocky ravine, the entrance of the cave being hidden from view by a dense growth of trees. The opening of the cave is funnel-shaped, and from 50 to 100 feet in diameter at the top, and the steep walls are about 55 feet high. The cave abounds in passageways and chambers, some of which are very beautiful. One chamber, called the Great City, is said to cover a space of two acres. Then there is what is called the star chamber, which is 500 feet long and 7 feet wide, and its ceiling is 70 feet high and is composed of black gypsum, which is set with white points, which, by a dim light, present a most remarkable likeness to stars. Still another is incrusted with crystals of dazzling whiteness which glitter like diamonds in the torchlight. There are several remarkable pits in the cave, one of which is called the bottomless pit, but by sounding it was found to be only about 200 feet deep. Some of the passages are occupied by streams or pools. The temperature of the cave is about 59 degrees throughout the year, seldom varying more than one or two degrees, and the air is dry. The animals living there are a few species of fish, two species of crayfish, and several kinds of insects, as well as bats, which divide their time between the cave and the outer world. Some species of cave animals are white, and blind; others have color and well-developed eyes. The former are thought to have occupied the cave for long ages, gradually adapting themselves to the darkness, while the others are supposed to have been introduced later.

BRODERICK-TERRY DUEL

Will you tell something of the duel fought between Senator Broderick and Judge Terry?—F. B. P., Greene, Me.

David C. Broderick was a politician who had worked himself up in the politics of his adopted state of California until he was elected to the United States senate. He came into disfavor with the Democratic national administration and was challenged to a duel by David S. Terry, a judge of the California state supreme court. The latter resigned his position in order to fight Broderick on account of the differences between the latter and his colleague in the senate. The first meeting place of Terry and Broderick was in San Mateo county, 10 miles from San Francisco. However, it was interrupted by the officers of the law. On the next morning, September 17, 1859, they met again. When the word was given Broderick's pistol was discharged before it reached a level. The ball struck the earth on the direct line with, but some distance from, his antagonist, who stood cool and firm. Terry had better luck and Broderick fell to the ground mortally wounded. The latter was conveyed to the house of a friend, where he died three days later. He remarked to the persons gathered around his bedside that they killed him because he had been opposed to the extension of slavery and to corrupt administration. His funeral was the most imposing ever seen in San Francisco. When the news of his death reached New York, they were repeated there, the funeral procession being two miles in length.

JONATHAN HARRINGTON

I would like to have a sketch of Jonathan Harrington printed in these columns.—H. E. Z., New Haven, W. Va.

Jonathan Harrington, the patriot, was born July 8, 1757, and died March 28, 1854. He was the last survivor of the minutemen who were called on to appear in arms on the 19th of April, 1775. When this happened Harrington was only 17 years old, but he enrolled himself in the militia of his district. The youth had a talent for music and could play exceptionally well on the fife. It is not known that he did any military service during the war, his name not being found in any historical account. It was not until he had grown to quite an advanced age, when survivors of the revolution began to be few and cherished, that the hearts of the generation around him began to be moved with reverence for Harrington. On the 75th anniversary of the fight at Lexington and Concord a celebration of the event was given at the latter town. Edward Everett made the address of the day and he alluded kindly and respectfully to Mr. Harrington. When Harrington died his funeral was attended by the governor and legislature of Massachusetts and fully 6,000 citizens.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Will you kindly explain the purpose of a geological survey?—W. H., Frontier, Mich.

The geological survey is a bureau of the interior department created for the purpose of preparing a map of the United States, classifying the public lands, examining the geological structure, mineral resources and the products of the country. To these duties have since been added those of investigating the extent to which the arid lands of the west can be redeemed by irrigation, segregating the irrigable from the non-irrigable lands, and the selection of sites for reservoirs and canals for the purpose of irrigation.

CLIMATE OF EGYPT

Will you please give a description of the climate of Egypt?—A. E. Y., Romeo, Mich.

The atmosphere in Egypt is extremely clear and dry, the temperature regular and hot, though the heat is tempered during the day time for seven or eight months of the year by the strong wind which blows from the north. The winter months are the most delightful of the year, the air being cool and balmy and the ground covered with verdure. Later the ground becomes parched and dry and in the spring the suffocating simoon frequently blows into the Nile valley, raising clouds of fine dust. It rains but rarely. Earthquakes are occasionally felt and thunder and lightning are neither frequent nor violent. Egypt is not remarkably healthy, especially in the delta. But many invalids now winter in Egypt.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Please print in the Question Bureau the reason why Queen Elizabeth never married and the story of the lost ring.—M. O'D., St. James, Mich.

Elizabeth's first parliament approached her on a subject which, next to religion, was the chief trouble of her reign, the succession to the crown; they requested her to marry. She replied in a speech declaring her intention to live and die a virgin. It is certain, from her conduct, both before and after, that this declaration was only a convenient affectation of prudery, which served to flatter her vanity and to veil her real indecision. She saw too clearly for her own interest the restraints to which each particular marriage might subject her, and therefore she shunned them all, leaving open the question of the succession.

The story of the lost ring seems not to have been of sufficient importance to get a place in books of historical reference.

THE CARY SISTERS

Please give, in the Question Bureau, a sketch of the Cary sisters.—J. M. D., Milan, Mo.

Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, O., April 26, 1820. The family was of New England origin, but as they lived in a newly settled country, the daughter had limited educational advantages. The mother died in 1835, and the stepmother was unsympathetic with literary aspirations. The sisters had access to but few books. Alice began writing for the press at the age of 18. In connection with her sister Phoebe, she published a volume of poems. In 1852 the sisters removed to New York city to devote themselves to literary labor. This they did with success, Alice becoming a contributor to the leading literary periodicals of the country. The connection between the two sisters, who always treated one another with the utmost consideration, was one of the most charming things about their dwelling. Alice's poetry is marked by a rare naturalness and grace. Her prose is remarkable for its realistic character and descriptions of domestic life. She performed much of the labor of her later years in great physical suffering. She died at New York, February 12, 1871.

Phoebe Cary was born at the family home September 4, 1824. Her early advantages were somewhat better than those of Alice. She began to write at the age of 17, and at 18 produced the world-known poem, "Nearer Home." She contributed frequently to periodicals. Of the volume issued by the sisters jointly it is held that her portion was not inferior to that of Alice. She was remarkable for her ready wit in conversation. In the administration of their household she took the larger share of duty. After Alice died Phoebe published "Light," a tribute to her sister's memory. Then, worn out by care during the latter's long illness, she succumbed to a malarial attack, although removed to Newport, R. I., in the hope that her life would be preserved. There she died July 31, 1871, and was buried by her sister's side in Greenwood cemetery, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. H. K., Wheatland, Iowa—Your question concerning the contamination of a village by a hilltop cemetery half a mile away is one for an expert in sanitary matters to answer. The Question Bureau doesn't feel competent to give a definite reply, but is of the opinion that there would always be more or less danger from a cemetery so located.

E. J. Borden, Ind.—Write to the department of agriculture for information concerning the forestry service.

I. T., Ingram, Ark.—You should consult some dealer in musical instruments for the information you wish.

F. B., Olivet, Mich.—If you have reference to Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, the clergyman, we can give you no sketch of him.

C. W. B., Petrolia, Pa.—The Bureau is unable to give you Ingersoll's oration on Lincoln.

Two Pictures.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day;
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world had been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long;
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Marion Douglass.

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Brief Stories of Mythology.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS—V.

Among the tragic tales of mythology is that of Cephalus and Procris. The former was a beautiful youth much endeared to the the sport of the chase. He would rise before dawn in order to hunt the wild animals that ranged through the forests. It was this habit of rising early that caused Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, to see him and fall in love with him. But Cephalus had just married a charming maiden named Procris whom he loved very much. She was a favorite of Diana, the goddess of hunting, who had presented her with a javelin that would never fail of its mark, and a dog that could outrun every rival. Both of these presents Procris gave to her husband, who had more use for them than she.

Cephalus rejected all the advances made by Aurora, thus making that goddess so angry that she finally exclaimed, "Go, ungrateful mortal, keep your wife, whom, if I am not much mistaken, you will one day be very sorry you ever saw again."

At that time there was a fox sent by an angry god to annoy the country, and all the hunters were in pursuit of it. All their efforts to capture it were in vain, as no dog could outrun it. So the hunters came to Cephalus to borrow his dog named Lelaps. Put on the trail, the dog dashed after the fox so fast that onlookers fancied that he fairly flew over the ground. The fox tried every art to escape; he ran in a circle and turned on his track, the dog close upon him with open jaws, snapping at his heels, but biting only the air. Cephalus was about to use his javelin, when he saw both dog and game stop instantly. The heavenly powers who had given both were not willing that either should conquer. In the very attitude of chasing each other they were turned to stone.

Even though he had lost his dog Cephalus continued to engage in the hunt with only his javelin. Toward noon when the sun was high he would seek a cool stream to lie down and rest his weary limbs; sometimes saying aloud, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan my breast, come and allay the heat that burns me." One day a passerby heard these words and foolishly believed he was talking to some maiden so he went to Procris with the tale. She did not believe it, though she resolved to go and prove for herself whether or not he was false to her. One morning when Cephalus went to hunt Procris followed him and concealed herself near the place where he was wont to rest. When he came in tired with the sport he stretched himself on the bank, saying, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan me; you know how I love you, you make the groves and my solitary rambles delightful." He was continuing in this fashion when he heard, or thought he heard, a sound as of a sob in the bushes. He supposed it was a wild animal and threw his javelin. A cry from Procris told him that the weapon had too surely reached its mark. He rushed to the place and found her bleeding. He strove to stanch the wound and bring her back to life but it was of no use. The blow of the javelin was fatal. Before passing to the other world she uttered a few words, "I implore you, if you have ever loved me, grant me this last request; do not marry that odious Breeze!" The poet Moore uses this story as a theme for one of his ballads. It begins as follows:

"A hunter once in a grove reclined,
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still, 'Sweet Air, O Come!'
While Echo answered, 'Come, Sweet Air.'"

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How the Youth's Companion Grew

YES, it does seem strange that Youth's Companion still holds its own when so many periodicals for children and young people have disappeared," said the Rev. Theron Brown, poet and Baptist minister, and in point of service the oldest editor on Youth's Companion. "At one time there were a number of such publications. So far as I know, all of them prospered, yet they have practically ceased to exist.

"I suppose you know that Daniel S. Ford was greatly disappointed by the business arrangement that made him sole owner of the Companion. With Mr. Olmstead, he had been part owner of the Companion and of the Watchman and Reflector, a religious paper published in Boston. When the firm was dissolved according to the partnership agreement, Mr. Olmstead bought the Watchman and Reflector, while Youth's Companion fell to Mr. Ford.

"Mr. Ford had been ambitious to become the sole owner of the Watchman and Reflector, to make it the most influential Religious paper in New England, if not in the United States. When he found that beyond his reach and in its stead the little Youth's Companion he remarked to a friend that he felt like a preacher dismissed from a metropolitan pulpit and detailed to nurse a charity baby.

"However, determined to make the most of his little paper, he moved its belongings to an old building on Washington street opposite the Old South church in Boston. Here the offices were all on one floor, and not the entire floor either. We called it the Youth's Companion.

"Those were economical days in the flat. Blank leaves of correspondents' letters were detached and used as handy scribbling sheets and for the first drafting of anecdotes and introductions. Desks for his own sanctum and his clerk's quarters were slow in coming. When illustrated articles were wanted, second-hand wood cuts were frequently utilized. Not infrequently the stowage rooms of friendly publishers were searched through to discover a block picture that would inspire an original tale or suggest an adventure. Of course it was understood that the discoverer of such a valuable article was to write the story.

"Along with this frugal business management Mr. Ford gave his subscribers better and better literary food. He often paid what at that time appeared to be huge sums for a poem or a story. I recall very distinctly the start he gave us when he proposed to get Dickens to write for the Companion. So far as I remember, the request was made, but the great author had too many previous engagements to accept.

"A few years later I recall Tennyson was paid $1,000 for an original poem. Since then ex-presidents, prime ministers, senators, justices of the national supreme court, as well as leading scientists and authors, have written for Youth's Companion and been well paid for their work.

"When our subscription list reached 60,00 Mr. Ford felt able to buy a home for his charity baby. We had passed the half million mark when Mr. Ford erected the present home of the Companion, into which he moved in 1892 with more than 300 workers. Just before we made this last move he remarked to one of his editorial staff:

"'I am almost frightened. I don't know what the Divine Providence is going to do with me. I told the Lord once that I would never be worth more than $30,000, and I meant what I said. All that came to me above that amount I promised to give away and call His money.'

"At the time that he vacated his editorial chair forever Youth's Companion numbered more than 2,000,000 readers and the value of the estate was more than a dollar for each reader in spite of his numerous public charities and his innumerable private gifts. He looked upon his wealth as a direct gift from Providence and used it as such.

"Hezekiah Butterworth was his first assistant editor. He was on the Companion for 27 years. Then he resigned for the sake of devoting himself to authorship. I came in a short while after Mr. Butterworth and am here still, nearly 40 years.

"It was a peculiarity of Mr. Ford to make re-estimates of the contributions of his various authors. After the appearance of a story, a poem or an article I have known him to send authors additional checks, though he had already paid the amount agreed on at acceptance. He always exerted himself to hold fast to a writer that suited his paper. One writer whom I now have in mind was engaged by Mr. Ford at a generous salary to send in a regular supply of stories, short and serials. He has been at it now for nearly 40 years and is still a favorite.

"On many occasions I have known of his sending generous sums of money anonymously to the family of dead authors who had been contributors to the Companion.

"My own work? Oh, I get out a book of poems now and then. At the request of the publishers I rewrote the Story of Our Hymns, the work Mr. Butterworth was struggling to finish when the call came for him to go. His name is with mine on the title page. I would have been glad if his name could have stood alone, for the book was his ambition, but the publishers did not think it would be fair to either of us. I suppose they were right. In any event our names stand together in this book, just as we worked together here on the Youth's Companion and went to school together in Warren, R. I."

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1911.

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AUGUST WATCH PREMIUM

A. C. Barcleback of Arcadia, Pa., won The Blade watch premium for the month of August. He sent in a list of 132 names.

No fourth-class postmaster fears that his country is going to ruin.

We never heard of a postmaster who killed himself by overwork.

If some girls couldn't giggle they would cry. And that would be worse.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but it would like to.

It is worth living through August to be around when September gets here.

The best thing that can be done concerning the panic of 1907 is to forget it.

Fifty years hence photographs of the things the girls are wearing now will look crazy.

Our idea of a contented man is the one who doesn't want to be mentioned for any office.

Fiction is said to be good this year, but the Lord knows some of the facts have been pretty bum.

There is good stuff in the man who doesn't become pessimistic after being defeated for office.

Aguinaldo has become a successful farmer near Manila, which is better than being a dead hero.

"Wait a minute," says the small boy. When he becomes a man he says, "I'll do it tomorrow."

In every town some fellow is trying to block the wheels of progress with what he calls conservatism.

Every fool has his specialty. One may rock a boat and another yell "fire" in a crowded theatre.

Some politicians think it is all right for the President to have the veto power, provided he doesn't use it.

The congressman's job is not an easy one, after all. He has a thousand bosses, not counting his wife.

Never having had her ideal spoiled by matrimony, Laura Jean Libbey continues to write good lovers' stuff.

Mr. Taft will not lose any friends by talking back to critics. That was one of his predecessor's strong points.

It is amusing to see a woman try to look surprised when she hears that there is a new baby in the neighborhood.

A Missouri woman aged 96 married a man aged 24 the other day. Don't giggle, girls; marriage is a sacred institution.

"Has Taft committed suicide?" asks the New York World. If he has Vice President Sherman hasn't been officially notified.

One woman has gone up in the air 2,500 feet. This beats your wife's record the night you staid out later than usual, doesn't it?

Some day somebody will start out with a petition to have a man shot, and a lot of fellows will sign it without knowing what it is.

Step over into Canada during a political campaign and you'll find people just as crazy as they are on this side of the boundary line.

So far as known there is only one man in the country who thinks that his nomination for the presidency would be a great calamity.

A monster sixteen-inch gun will be mounted in the Panama canal defences. It will make a nice place for the sparrows to build nests when universal peace comes.

The laughter of children seems to annoy some people who have reached the lengthening shadows of life. We suppose that children didn't laugh when they were young.

One Kansas town has passed an ordinance prohibiting tickling. That will do as a starter. Now let's have a general law making it a misdemeanor to slap a friend on the back.

RISKING HUMAN LIFE.

A character in one of Jack London's novels says "there's nothing so cheap as human life."

The efforts of health boards to control epidemics, the preventive measures of modern medicine, the passage of laws governing safety devices on the railroads, on the steamships and in the factories, the movement against child labor and the agitation to forbid women to follow dangerous occupations, all are upon the principle that life ought and must be preserved. But even if professional and civic associations, trade organizations and governmental institutions, recognize the need of that conservation, human beings do not. The automobile racer cares little about his own life and less about the lives of other people. The aeroplane driver commands a high price in proportion to his eagerness to risk his life. A lumberman rode through the rapids of the St. Mary's river upon a log the other day and another man is about to dare the whirlpools of the Niagara river for a second time. Neither places a value worth mentioning upon life.

It will take more than writing and lecturing to inject the respect for life in the human race. The willingness to play with death is an inheritance of thousands of generations of mankind. It cannot be removed from the blood in one.

BACKWARD NEW YORK

When the legislature of New York meets next month it will take up the question of modifying the racing law. Under the existing restrictions, the management of a track is made to answer for any betting which goes on within the precincts. The penalty is severe. The enforcement of the law is rigid. Racing, save at the county fairs and then under uneasy guardianship, has been killed in New York.

The movement for the repeal or the alteration of the law is so strong that it shows there are a great number of citizens, rich, powerful and persevering, who are anxious to have the racing sport revived. Judging by the expressions of the newspapers, they have the sympathy of an influential part of the press. But the most interesting part of the agitation now going on is that it proves an unpopular law can be, and is, enforced. Local interests, local desires, local tastes have failed to render the law against betting null and void. This is in complete contradiction of a theory which has been set forth in Toledo with rare literary charm for several years. It is all very curious. New York is either very backward or is too short on imagination to reduce a theory to convenient practice. If it were a less self-sufficient state, less blind to progress, it would know there were excellent things to be learned in the middle west.

SPARROW AND THE FARMER.

An Ohio farmer has supplemented the work of the department of agriculture in issuing a circular assailing the English sparrow. The Ohioan finds that the bird is gaining an alarming headway in the rural districts, that it is filthy, greedy and, worst of all, does not balance the destruction it does to grain and growing vegetables by eating the insects. It is suggested that farmers adopt the practice of destroying sparrows' nests, preventing multiplication and rendering the invasion untenable.

It is in the cities and towns that the sparrow has been most obnoxious. For, though it is a natural scavenger, it has the fault of being unclean about the business. But of recent years the bird has spread its field of endeavor so that it haunts the countryside and threatens, unless checked, to displace the beneficial song-birds and add a new terror to the many which beset the farmer. The trouble with shooting the creatures is that the "good" birds are driven out, too. The best way seems to go for the nests, keep down the growing population, make the first law of nature impossible to obey.

COLD STORAGE.

The chickens and the eggs, the meat and the vegetables and the fruit are pouring into the cold storage houses. High and deep they are piled. They come in cheap and they will go forth dear. They are brought in fresh and they may have any variety of condition when they appear upon the tables of the consumers next winter.

The invention of cold storage processes is one of the boons of the age. It has made it possible for people to have food out of season as well as in. Where once it was only the rich who could have material of the sort in the dead of winter, the material is within the reach of all. But, without doubt, cold storage has been fearfully and wierdly abused. Not only has it lent itself to speculation and the working or market "corners," but food of questionable value and in uncertain state of preservation has been "worked off" upon the public. Invention seems to have made a great stride and then halted. There has been little progress in improving cold storage apparatus in many years. In spite of the agitation during the era of extreme high prices and of the government, state and municipal investigations, the consumer is no better off. He is still more or less at the mercy of the cold storage managers.

REFORM OF THE BENCH.

It was not for mere causeless reasons, for mere love of the bizarre and the experimental, that the people of Arizona embodied the principle of the recall in their constitution. An evil existed and they prescribed what they thought was the right course of treatment for it. The evil is no less because the method of cure has been frowned upon.

That part of the bar which has found prosperity in hair-splitting has no excuse for congratulating itself upon Mr. Taft's veto. The judiciary will have to be reformed just the same and if the legal profession doesn't purpose doing it, the task will have to be done for it. The faith in technicalities, the long and heart-breaking delays, the leaning toward political friendships, the playing for partisan favors, the reversion to hoary and outworn practices and proceedures, all will have to go before the old respect for the bench is restored. And the people of the United States are determined that that respect shall be possible again. The Arizona extension of the recall was a groping toward the light. Though Arizona would more than likely make a failure with it, other communities are bound to try no less resolutely to regenerate the judiciary. It seems for a moment a question of choice of medicines. It is in reality a question of gaining a cure, whatever the medicines.

THE PARCELS POST.

Caution demanded that the postoffice department postpone the establishment of a parcels post until after efficiency to run the department with its present duties could be demonstrated. So long as a deficiency of ten to twenty millions of dollars had to be acknowledged every year it was poor business to undertake a task involving a tremendous increase in labors and responsibility. It is a good rule in the conduct of government, as well as in private enterprise, to prove capacity in one direction before branching out in new directions.

The postmaster general has announced that he will recommend to congress the establishment of a parcels post system, the first steps of which shall be taken upon the rural mail delivery routes. This is in line with the Mondell bill which was before the sixty-first congress and failed to reach the President. It was Mr. Hitchcock's good fortune to be the first postmaster general to place the department upon a self-paying basis. He has overcome the immense annual deficit and written a precedent which those who shall follow him in office will have difficulty in breaking. It is right, then, that Mr. Hitchcock should have the honor of putting the first parcels post system of the country upon a working basis. The thoughtful citizens who have doubted the ability of the government ever to run the postoffice department efficiently are now to wlcome the parcels post and to urge its expansion whenever and wherever it will have been shown successful.

THE MECHANICAL BUMBLE-BEE.

These mechanical folk are going beyond the business of displacing the work of the human hand, the pull of the horse and the power in the steam coal. The latest news from their workshops discloses them at the job of upsetting the processes of nature.

The red clover reproduces itself through the aid of insects, the best workmen among which is supposed to be the bumble-bee. When the bee musses around the flower in search of honey he gets dusty with pollen. He moves on and alights upon a clover head, presses down the keel and forces out the stigma. This catches the minute grains of pollen adhering to the underside of the bee, is fertilized and proceeds with its growth according to the rules laid down in the book of clover life.

But bumble-bees are an uncertain quantity. They are not always present when they should be. They are subject to the forays of many enemies. Their taste, too, is not confined to clover honey and when they might be helping with the seeding they are off flirting with the wild carrot, or getting glued in the exudations of the milkweed.

The man with the monkey wrench now enters the clover field. He is making a mechanical bumble-bee—one that will work at the job all day long, never go buzzing and booming unfaithfully amid roadside weeds and never sting the summer boarder. The agricultural department reports that the contrivance is now being experimented with. Which means, of course, that it will succeed. Such things always seem to. The bumble-bee can crawl into his hole and pull it in after him for all the farmer of tomorrow will care

WHEN POVERTY GOES.

The Beattie trial makes it plain again that the slums hold no monopoly upon sordidness. The evil in heart, the lustful and the cruelly selfish are products as often of wealth and ease as of poverty.

In that state when material blessings are equably distributed—a state of which our Socialist friends have drawn attractive pictures—it will be a poor world if for the vices of poverty are substituted the vices of luxury. It would be difficult to say which would prove the worse for mankind. There is excuse for the ignorant and starving. There can be nothing but condemnation for those with money and leisure who walk in the paths of sin. There are virtues which go hand in hand with poverty. But those which develop out of comfort and unbroken self-gratification are weaklings and move upon the margin of degeneracy.

Poverty, as we recognize it now, must some day go. That is among the things written. Yet it will be for those who govern that happier universe to make such conditions as have been revealed at the Beattie trial impossible. That is likely to prove a harder problem than rendering poverty extinct.

THE MESSENGER.

I come with a message from the Democracy of the country. We have kept our pledges; we have obeyed the will of our constituency.—Representative Underwood in speech in New York.

What were those pledges? The Democratic platform of 1908 still held in 1910 in the absence of any formal declaration by the congressional committee. Recent caustic comment from the pen of William Jennings Bryan indicates that that view held at least with him. After passing through the usual denunciation of the opposing party, we note in the platform these sentences:

Articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products should be placed upon the free list.

We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list.

We * * demand the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States.

We believe that in so far as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency such currency should be issued and controlled by the federal government.

We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality and that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved.

We favor the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

We demand for the people of Alaska and Porto Rico the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a territorial form of government.

These extracts cover the most important parts of the platform. If in the swelter of ambiguous tariff bills, resumption of Cannon gag-rules, futile investigations and tricks "to put the President in a hole" there are evidences of the payment of pledges, of obedience to the will of "our constituency," then Mr. Underwood's message should be receipted for.

LESS COFFEE USED.

The import figures of the coffee trade show a distinct falling off in consumption. These figures, supplied by the government, are:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
1902...	1,057,220,000	1907...	974,969,000
1903...	874,405,000	1908...	874,977,000
1904...	963,576,000	1909...	1,036,561,000
1905...	1,008,941,000	1910...	860,414,000
1906...	34,667,000	1911...	839,029,000
Total 5 yrs.	4,738,809,000		4,585,950,000
Average....	947,762,000		917,190,000

It is estimated that the per capita consumption has fallen off more than one and a half pounds within a few years. The decrease cannot be explained by high prices, for the prices, until a few months ago, have been relatively low over a long period. It is suggested that the recent immigrants, preferring tea to coffee, have had an influence upon a nation greatly given to coffee-drinking. The import figures of tea fail to support this theory. Adulteration is more dangerour than it used to be and probably is practiced but little. There is left for explanation—the booming of cereal substitutes, the opposition of a part of the medical profession, and an actual loss of liking for coffee. Not one of these surely has been the cause of the decrease in consumption, but all of them have, no doubt, had their influence. Nevertheless, there is still a well-marked fondness for coffee. With a per capita consumption of nine pounds a year it is evident that it remains the great breakfast beverage of America.

THE NAVIGATION ALOFT.

The ease with which Atwood went astray when he ventured to take his eyes from the clearly marked trail of the railroad indicates that it will be necessary for aeronauts to learn some system of navigation which will correspond to that employed by seamen. The birdman went many miles out of his way and regained his path only when, essaying a guess, he turned the head of his machine in a new direction. A less fortunate guess would have taken him far afield and might have forced him to come to earth with danger to his craft and himself.

Flyers have remarked that even when only a few hundred feet in the air the aspect of the surface of the ground is very much the same. Higher, houses blend into woods, forests look like growing grain, rivers resemble highways, city and village are hardly distinguishable. If much attention has to be paid to driving and steering the aeroplane, a sharp lookout cannot be kept upon the changing landscape. The aeronaut wanders as a man does in a snowstorm. He is lost as easily as the tenderfoot in the mountains.

The training of birdmen has so far been confined almost entirely to the art of combating the law of gravitation. Should cross country flying grow in popularity, as undoubtedly it will, the aeronaut will have to have the store of knowledge of the ship officer.

THE GREATER ACHIEVEMENT.

It has been the dramatic quality of Harry N. Atwood's aeroplane flight that has been most impressive rather than the establishment of a new world's record and the proof given of the endurance and efficiency of the flying machine under extraordinary difficulties. No one who has felt the excitement that attended on Atwood's appearance over the horizon, who beheld the great bird driving confidently far overhead, who heard the whirring propellers, will ever forget the stirring that ran through the veins and the wild pulses of the imagination as it caught the significance of the journey. Some such emotions people must have experienced when Columbus returned from his voyage to the new world, or when the first steam locomotive ran over the rails, when the memorable message "What hath not God wrought?" came over the first telegraph line.

Yet Atwood's achievement has its truest value as a measure of progress in aerial navigation. It will mean, possibly, the passing of the contests wherein men risk their lives merely to send a wave of horror through a crowd and the development of a new phase of sport. The makers of the machines will try to better their staying qualities, fit them for long flights, remove the necessity of attendant mechanicians, of the creation of depots of supply and the confusing multiplication of managers. Mr. Atwood talks now of a journey from coast to coast. The fame that has come to him from this St. Louis-New York performance necessarily raises envy among his fellow aeronauts and it is altogether likely that he will have competition in the greater attempt. Thus the insane jockeying against death may go out of fashion and the trial of aeroplane and men, for the betterment of both, may come in. May the day speed.

WHY HAY FEVER IS.

There is one thing about the country one can always know even in the canons of the biggest cities This is when the rag-weed, the golden rod and other roadside plants are in flower. For when they loose their pollen to the breezes the victim of hay fever proceeds to shake his head loose from his shoulders. The two processes are coincident.

Whether it is true or not that the August flowers are responsible for this seasonal ailment, is still in dispute. But it is just as well that the idea be entertained, even if it be a fallacy. For the poor soul afflicted with watery eyes, swollen cheeks and the custom of nasal convulsions really needs something to blame his curse upon. It were maddening to feel that nothing in particular were responsible for hay fever, that the seeds of this malady lie within the patient's own blood. He won't believe it and he shouldn't be asked to. Let him hate the rag-weed with a consuming hate. Let him condemn the goldenrod as vegetation a-wander from Gehenna. It is comforting to him and doesn't hurt the ragweed and the goldenrod. They bloom on serenely.

WHERE IMMUNITY IS ABSENT.

Before the whalemen and traders went into the South Pacific the disease of measles was unknown. With its introduction it acted with fatal virulence. Sailors and travelers suffered but slightly, but the natives died like sheep. News comes that another outbreak of measles has occurred in the islands, taking 219 lives from one clan alone. The Polynesians have not yet gained the immunity of the white race.

When the sleeping sickness broke out in East Africa, the disease was traced across the continent. It was found that it came by way of the new trade routes and that the folk of West Africa had never, in their memory, experienced its ravages. Commerce had taken it into a section where the blood of man contained no elements of immunity. The hookworm of the southern part of the United States was imported with slaves from Africa. It has been the whites, not the negroes, who have suffered most from it. Generations, ages before the black had gained his protective agents. There are said to be no colds in Shetland except when the steamers come in. Then the population gets out its extra handkerchiefs.

It has required the laboratory studies of the new and brilliant school of medicine to demonstrate just what immunity consists of. Out of a theory it has made a doctrine. It has been such epidemics as that of measles in the South seas which have pointed the way for the student.

STILL ABLE TO KICK.

Of all the industries which from time to time are reported dead, none has passed through a course of resurrection oftener than the whaling industry. It seems scarcely a month since we read an article, thick with melancholy, which told of the passing of the whaling vessels and the disappearance of the strong and picturesque men who pursued the cachelot upon dangerous and lonely seas. But the funeral sermon was premature. In a recent consular report we find these notes which indicate that whaling not only lives, but lives happily and prosperously:

The dividend of 34½ per cent just declared by the whaler Balaena, of Dundee, has attracted attention to the handsome profits at present realized from this industry. Last year the dozen or so of whalers which prosecute the fishing from Dundee had the most successful experience for five decades, and reports just to hand indicate that the Norwegian companies are also enjoying a high degree of prosperity. As many as 20 expeditions, with crews aggregating 700 men, are at work. Indeed, so marked is the degree of success met with that the increased supplies of whalebone were last year held responsible for the sharp decline in values which took place. Stimplated to emulation, a Tyne firm is about to dispatch five vessels—three whalers, a factory ship, and an oil carrier—to operate in the vicinity of eKrgulen Island, where the Norwegians already have stations. Three of the vessels will be adapted for fuel oil. Norwegian whaling companies are also reaping enormous dividends in Southwest African waters, and an eGrman company has just been formed with a capital of $243,325, to participate in the industry there.

It would not be safe, however, to put too much dependence upon this news. For it is as a dead industry that whaling lends itself best to the temperament of writers. It will be slain many times more. For it is one of the best and easiest ways to keep the literary pot boiling.

Before shooting himself a man in Chicago arranged everything in the room so that nothing would be mussed. He was a gentleman to the last.

The aura of a woman is much stronger than the aura of a man, provided, of course, that there is such a thing as an aura.

President Taft says the day of the demagogue is past. If that is true we may have a decent presidential campaign next year.

A Kansas town beats the world's record for automobiles in proportion to population. The number of mortgages is not given.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MEN WHO BALKED AT PALACE FARE

International Sunday School Lesson for September Is "Daniel and His Companions." Daniel 1:8-20.

By William T. Ellis.

Great times make great souls. Nebuchadnezzar might have been a conventional kinglet had he come to his throne at a less critical period. In another age, Daniel and his friends would probably have lived and died in Judean obscurity.

Judah was disintegrating. The first exile to Babylon had carried off, among the captives, Daniel and his three companions, all choice young men from the capital. Babylon was raging over the whole earth; but she was nearer to her fall than her proud king and nobles dreamed.

This group of four prisoners doubtless appeared to any observer to be only an inconsiderable fragment of the consequences of a minor Babylonian campaign. In truth, they meant more to the world, in some aspects, than did Nebuchadnezzar himself. There is a sense in which Daniel is bigger than Babylon. There are millions of persons who have only hazy notions of when and where Babylon existed, to whom Daniel is a real personality, with a living influence on their own characters. This is one more of the reversals of history; one of the paradoxes which illustrate the Scripture teaching that the first shall be last, and the last first. Babylon is today a heap of red mud, save where painstaking German excavators have dug out the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace. Daniel is still one of the character-forming leaders of history.

We wonder what Daniel thought of Babylon, and what Babylon thought of Daniel. New York gives scant heed to the immigrants who weekly throng within the gates, and she would disdain the opinion of every one of them. Nevertheless, it is not at all unlikely that among these alien throngs is some prophet-author who is yet to arise and give the truest judgment of America, and of its metropolis at the nation's gateway. The man who was kind to Daniel and his friends lives in the immortal record by that fact, while the names of all his mightier associates are forgotten. It is good policy, as well as hospitality, to pay Christian heed to the stranger who has come to a strange land.

Captives for a Royal Court.

The worth of the conquered is the glory of the conqueror. The pick of the exiles which Nebuchadnezzar brought from his various conquests were set apart to adorn his court. The valor, beauty, wit and wisdom of his captives were a distinct gratification and tribute to the king. There were reasons of pride as well as of prudence for gathering in personal attendance upon himself those who would appear to be the leaders of the exiles whom he had brought from Babylon.

These favored ones were sure of an easy life. True, they were still captives, but they were rose-garlanded captives on soft couches. What this meant to the deterioration of their character, since there is no atmosphere so enervating as that of a palace, no thought was taken. Who cared if this favoritism resulted in the moral collapse of the four young Hebrews and their associates?

An Unselfish Selfishness.

The grim fact is that nobody is particularly interested in the highest welfare of a person except himself. It may be an unusual lesson to draw from the story of Daniel, but it is a true one; that there is a sense in which everybody should "Look Out for Number One." That proverb is commonly quoted as of ignoble import. It may have an exalted meaning, however. One's noblest self must be conserved and cultivated by one's own efforts. Family and associates are not always friends to the best development of one's life. The most altruistic people will drain one's powers ruthlessly, in order to serve the cause in which they themselves are most interested.

Every efficient person has to fight a ceaseless battle to keep his powers for their highest used. He alone can care for his own health and for his own mental and spiritual growth. If he has not the decision of character to say "no," to even good tasks, he will be crushed beneath the extra burdens which are not his proper work. It takes the spine of a Daniel to be able to be "different," and to preserve one's individuality for its divine ends.

The Parable of the Bandar-Log.

Consider the promising authors who have been made shipwrecks by social attentions. As the Bandar-log, or monkey folk of the tree top, carried away Mowgli captive, so many another leader of the jungle has been kidnaped to be the plaything of chattering society. The peril which confronted Daniel and his friends was that they should become the wits and pampered favorites of Nebuchadnezzar's court, but at the price of their religious faith, their national identity and their moral character.

It is a sound philosophy of life to save one's best powers for their continued and highest use. Wisdom sacrifices the praise of today for the prosperity of tomorrow. Good times in youth are sweet, but no half so sweet as comfort and pleasure in old age. Daniel, who was a student of his own powers, was brave enough to take care of his abilities for the wisest employment he could make of them. He risked being unpopular for the sake of becoming powerful. The court of Nebuchadnezzar did not know it, but Daniel was planning better things for them than they were planning for themselves. They had no thought above securing one of the conventional courtiers to ornament the palace; Daniel saw the possibility of becoming a statesman and a seer. He rejected the good for the sake of the best.

"Fit" for a Big Fight.

The panic of the prince of eunuchs when Daniel told him that he wanted to go on a vegetable diet, instead of being fed up like a prize porker, is rather amusing. He, like nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of every thousand in the world, was afraid of originality. He only knew the conventional way of doing things. He distrusted "peculiar" people. So does society. The world today is just as inhospitable to originality as it was in the court of Nebuchadnezzar five hundred years before Christ. The magazines and newspapers are afraid of originality; so are the churches and the colleges. Pioneers always have had to combat the crowd.

It is a great day for the human race when a man appears who dares to be different, who is not annoyed by being singular, and who has his eyes so fixed upon the goal of a great life for himself and a great service for mankind, that he disdains Mrs. Grundy and all her shopworn conventionalities. He wants a hard fight and the thick of the battle.

The Test for Temperance.

The "laboratory method" of modern scholarship was proposed by Daniel and his friends. The prince of eunuchs wanted him to live on rich wines and oods. All these were ontrary to his upbringing as a Jew. He preferred the abstemious diet. Millions of persons in the world live on vegetables and vegetables alone, and Daniel knew he could do it. He proposed to put the matter to the test.

In the present day his theory would be called pragmatism; that is to say, the proof of the thing is in its working. If abstemiousness made Daniel and his friends better looking and more "fit" than gluttony, then it was fair to accept his proposition for an abstemious life.

Any honest man is bound to accept this doctrine. A deal of prejudice and passion and partizanship encumbers the discussion of the temperance question. Daniel and the pragmatist should be listened to. Is temperance good or is it bad? Are men better or are they worse for indulgence in strong drink?

Certainly the abstainers are worse if they grow narrow and censorious and Pharasaical and intellectually dishonest. Assuredly the non-abstainers are worse if by indulgence they become unreasoning in their mental attitude, as well as impaired in their physical fibre. Let us fill out the facts. Quit arguing according to prejudices and try the honester way. Is Prohibition a good thing? That question is not to be settled by one's own taste or distaste or liquor; or by one's affiliations, but by an honest sifting of the evidence. Has the abolition of the canteen been good for the soldiers or bad? That subject ought to be within the realm of ascertainable facts.

The time has come to abide by the conclusion of honest research. Christianity is a religion of the square deal. Its heroes are the Daniels, and the Greater One who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It has always submitted its own claims to the ripest scholarship of every age. It would put all things to the test.

Standing Before the King.

If the Christian workman is not at least a shade better as a workman than his non-Christian companion, then something is wrong somewhere. Efficiency is not the only test of character, but it is one test. It is said, and with some reason, that the Christian converts in heathen lands are not the best servants. Thoughtful missionaries, instead of flying into a fervid repudiation of this, are using the criticism for the upbuilding of their converts. A religious worker once had a pious secretary who, when her employer was not around, read the Bible for hours in the midst of neglected duties. When she was discharged she lost her temper and questioned his religion for turning adrift a fellow Christian? The real proof of her faith would have been good-work; she thought it was going to meeting, and humming tunes, and having "beautiful thoughts" about the Bible.

The vindication of Daniel and his crowd was that they led the field. They were the winners in the race. Their principle worked out. The king himself found none others like them amid all his courtiers: "Therefore stood they before the king." They were ten times fitter than the drinking, gormandizing and carousing crew of luxurious-lived palace attendants. High thinking, clean living, simple trust in God, fortified by uncompromising principle, always bring men to the best estate. The Daniels who dare to be themselves, and to fly their flags everywhere, do come to stand before kings.

Abused Man's Best Friend.

Philadelphia North American.

Charged with "beating with the spiked side of a rake and jabbing many times with a sharp-tined hayfork" the pet dog of G. W. Woodwin, of Glenside, Mrs. Emma Leighton and her son, Wallace, neighbors of the Goodwin family, were arrested and held in $300 bail each for the October term of court at Norristown. It was testified at the hearing before Magistrate Kirk, at Jenkintown, that after beating the dog the Leightons sent for an Abington policeman and had it shot. Witnesses asserted that the dog was a general pet in the neighborhood and had even guarded the Leighton home when the family was away.

Mother of Clubs.

The Outlook.

The first woman's club in America was organized in New Harmony by the late Mrs. Constance Rupcie, on September 20, 1855. This was nine years before the organization of the Sorosis club of New York.

In 1867 Mrs. Runcie formed the Bronte club, and later became the head of an organization which has since that time borne her name and of which she was elected president for life.

At the biennial convention of the Federation of Women's clubs, held in St. Paul, five years ago, the title of "Mother of Clubs" was conferred upon her, and two years later, at a similar gathering in Boston, she was received with signal honors as the pioneer in the club movement.

Song of the Chattahoochee.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain,
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, Abide, abide,
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—Sidney Lanier.

Varieties

There are at present 18 recog... systems of wireless telegraphy.

Europe has 465,451 schools, 1,1... teachers and 45,400,000 pupils.

Four and one-half per cent of ... man university students are wo...

As a nonconductor of heat ... one of the most effective mate... known.

In the first five months this year ... United Kingdom imported 2,3... bunches of bananas.

The English postoffice makes ... a year on postal orders that are redeemed.

In a year or two there will ... macadamized belt road system ar... the island of Hawaii.

A gas meter that automati... prints a bill for the amount of gas ... sumed when it is desired is a no...

A new poultry roost is made of ... forated iron tubing which has ... soaked in a solution deadly to ... life.

A simple cement for mending br... alabaster is made of one part w... gelatine to five parts of water.

During the year 1910 there were ... boiler explosions in this country, ... sulting in death to 277 persons and ... jury to 506.

On the golf links in Essex, Engl... a player recently drove a ball w... killed a skylark at a distance of ... yards.

In the Yukon region the white ... pike, pickerel, and lake trout ha... maximum weight of about 12 pou...

It was unsafe for English chil... to walk out alone in 1595, lest ... should be robbed of their hair for ... makers.

How many people are there in ... United States over 100 years old? ... census makes the number 4,00... whom 2,500 are women.

The United States makes the ... poultry showing in the world, ... flocks numbers 85,000,000, and ... yearly egg output is now more t... 6,000,000,000.

After paying all charges, incl... dividends, the final surplus of the ... roads for 1910 amounted to $171,70... against $107,861,000 for 1909, and ... 444,000 for 1908.

More than $1,000,000 in prizes ... been offered for special flights and ... Improvements in aeroplanes du... the May to December portion of ...

In London 900,000 persons are l... more than two in a room and ... persons are living six or more i... single room.

The distance that an aviator ... cover was increased from 77 mile... 1908 to 134 miles in 1909 and 363 m... in 1910.

A double-ended tooth brush, e... cially designed to reach the inner ... faces of the teeth, has been inve... by a dentist of Memphis, Tenn.

A test for the purity of sugar ... burn a small quantity. If it is pu... will leave no ash. If it is adulter... ashes will be left.

The salt of the oceans is enou... collected, to cover the United St... all over with a uniform layer ... than a mile and a half high.

A French physician has disco... the means of planting artificial ... lashes and eyebrows. The former ... eration is very painful, but the l... less so.

The poll tax existed among the ... cient Romans. When first introd... into England, in the year 1380, it ... casioned the Wat Tyler rebellion.

With the cutting of the queue ... of the young men in Amoy, C... have adopted western ways and ... now use shaving soap and razors.

It is claimed that the doctors ... Philadelphia kept a patient alive ... three hours after heart action ... ceased by means of electric curr...

The total value of farm lands ... buildings in the south in 1910 app... mated $6,300,000,000, of which the ... $23,000,000,000 of Texas was nearly ... per cent.

The ostrich farm near Hambur... proving, so it is said. Hagenb... theory that ostriches, though at h... thrive in colder localities and as a ... sult be stronger in health and gro... heavier coat of feathers.

Capital invested in Chicago ma... facturing industries in 1909 reache... total of $971,990,000, compared ... $637,743,000 in 1904, an increase of ... 247,000, or 52 per cent, according to ... preliminary summary issued by ... United States census bureau.

The human eye is much more s... tive to some colors than to others ... is least responsive to crimson, ... successively to red, orange, ye... blue and green. The sensitiveness ... green is 750 times greater than to ... —a rather surprising fact.

Between 1900 and 1910 the valu... lands in farms in the south more ... doubled, increasing from $2,388,0... to $5,207,200,000, or by $2,818,0... equal to 118 per cent.

Posters are so called because in ... mer times the footpaths and road... in London were separated by line... posts on which it was the custom ... paste announcements.

The number of passengers ca... one mile, or the passenger miles... the United States, as compiled ... 1910, was 32,338,496,329. The correspo... ing return for 1909 was estimate... 3,229,173,740 less.

The earliest patent for any kin... a sewing contrivance was grante... England, June 24, 1755. The first ... plete sewing machine designed ... general purposes was patented in ... United States, September 10, 1846.

An electric alarm is the latest ... kettle adjunct in Germany. The s... from the spout when the water ... melts a lump of sugar which had ... apart the poles of a tiny bat... Their contact rings a bell.

In the last two years over 1,000 ... sons learned to fly in what might ... considered experimental machines ... fewer that 50 were killed, while d... 1910 90 persons were killed and 80 ... injured in mountain climbing.

The working population of M... is profiting by the late revolution. ... years ago a common laborer ea... about 25 cents a day in gold. To... the quotation for common labo... 60 cents per diem.

Australia has cows enough to ... each man, woman and child in ... island continent three apiece; ... the Argentine can do even be... There are five cattle to each in... tant in the big South American ... public.

The reason why the sun retains ... heat in spite of the quantity th... gives out is explained by the fact ... heat is generated by the fall of ... ticles toward its center. The diam... of the sun diminishes annually by ... meters, a little more than the ... millionth part of its total.

My Corns Don't Hurt A Bit.

Tired, Ailing, Swollen, Smelly, Sweaty Feet, Corns, Callouses and Bunions, TIZ Cures Right Off.

Say good-bye to your **corns** the very first time you use TIZ. You will never know you have a corn, bunion or callous, or sweaty, tired, swollen, aching feet any more. It's **just wonderful** the way the pain vanishes. Rub the corn—hammer it with your fist if you wish—no more pain after TIZ than if there had never been a blemish on your feet. Doesn't that "sound good to you? Doesn't it? Then read this.

"The corns on either of my toes were as large as the tablets you make to cure them. Today there is no sign of corns on either foot and no soreness. It's an up-to-date Godsend.—Sam. A. Hoover, Progress, N. C.

Just use TIZ. It's not like anything else for the purpose you ever heard of. It's the only foot remedy ever made which acts on the principle of drawing out all the poisonous exudations which cause sore feet. Powders and other remedies merely clog up the pores. TIZ cleanses them and keeps them clean. It works right off. You will feel better the very first time it's used. Use it a week and you can forget you ever had sore feet. There is nothing on earth that can compare with it. TIZ is for sale at all druggists, 25 cents per box, or direct, if you wish, from Walter Luther, Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LIQUOR HABIT CONQUERED

No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days.

After being a heavy drinker for years, I was cured and providentially came into possession of the true Remedy for overcoming liquor habit. The drinker who wants to quit forever, getting rid of the awful craving, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. **Marvelous success.** Strictly reliable and highly indorsed. Inexpensive home treatment

Drinkers Secretly Saved

A person is addicted so strongly he (or she) has lost desire to be cured, he can be treated **secretly**; will become disgusted with odor and taste of liquor. Legions of **testimonials** verifying practicalness of my Method. **Joyous news** for drinkers and for mothers, wives, etc., contained in my **Book.** Mailed, plain wrapper, free. Keep this adv. or pass it on. **Address** E.W. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 490 H New York, N.Y.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Richly cut, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind & stem set, dust proof, highly jeweled American lever movement, guaranteed 20 years; **$3.95** with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

20 Year Guarantee

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT—Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charge paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and wish it, remit $3.95 in gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and his fees. Mention if you want Ladies,' Boy's or Boys' size. M.C. FARBER, ES6, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOLE LEFT IN BOY'S SKULL

Fracture Is Discovered Three Months After Accident.

Upper Sandusky, Sept. 5.—Ray, 16-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Shoop, was thrown from a motorcycle last June. Since he has suffered much pain in his head and an X-ray examination Sunday revealed a fractured skull. Yesterday an unusual operation was performed and a quantity of bone was removed, leaving a depression in the young man's head three inches in diameter, which, if he lives, will have only the scalp for covering. His condition is critical.

BURNS TO DEATH IN BED

Aged Fremont Man Falls Asleep While Smoking Pipe.

Fremont, Sept. 5.—John Somers, 89, retired farmer, burned to death last night at his home east of here when bed clothes caught fire from his pipe when he fell asleep.

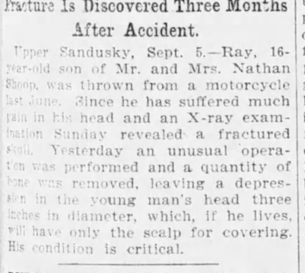
Two months ago he was seriously burned when his clothes caught fire from burning rubbish.

The destructive Philippine volcanoes have value for one thing, at least, says a writer in the Pacific Monthly. They are directly responsible for the finest hemp producing area in the world. Hemp thrives in a soil heavily impregnated with volcanic ash.

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma.—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.



Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 127, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IS ON

La Follette Not So Premature in Opening Headquarters in Washington.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Senator La Folette's friends may not, after all, be open to the charge of being premature in opening headquarters for their favorite when one remembers that the national conventions of the political parties are less than a year off and that a year from now the country will be in the throes of a presidential campaign.

In three months the national committees will meet in Washington to fix the times and places for the conventions. This is the signal for political activity. Some preliminary skirmishing usually marks these meetings. The candidates always have an interest in the location of the convention, and not frequently the determination of the date and place reflects the relative strength of the candidates. It certainly shows their standing with the members of the national committees. This may or may not be important in its bearing on the convention that is to follow.

Republicans for Taft.

The present Republican national committee is undoubtedly pro-Taft. The present committee will make up the lists of delegates and officially certify them as entitled to seats in the next convention. The committee will select the temporary officers, subject, of course, to the ratification of the convention. Their choice may be ratified, and usually is, but there have been exceptions to the rule. The Democrats in 1896 turned down the committee's choice and selected their own chairman. With the permanent organization of the convention the old committee will cease to exist. The new national committee that will conduct the campaign will be chosen by the convention, each state delegation choosing its member. The chairman of the committee to manage the campaign will be elected by the members of the new committee after conference with the nominee of the convention. The man elected will in reality be indicated for the position by the presidential candidate.

Hilles to Run Campaign.

One thing is definitely settled as to the Republican chairmanship. Postmaster General Hitchcock will not manage the campaign. There is talk of Charles D. Hilles, of Ohio, secretary to the President. In fact, his name is the one most prominently mentioned. President Taft, if he is re-nominated, would undoubtedly consult leading Republicans of the country before selecting a chairman. But Mr. Hilles has proved to be a very popular secretary to the president, a position most difficult to fill. Public men would probably make no protest against the selection of Mr. Hilles' if one may judge by the many pleasant things that are being said about the rare tact and judgment of the president's new secretary. Then there are other names suggested: Ex-Senator Carter, of Montana; Ex-Senator Chester I. Long, of Kansas; Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, and Senator Crane, of Massachusetts. Ohio people are talking in Washington favorably of Arthur I. Vorys. There is a feeling generally among Republican politicians that Mr. Vorys did not get full credit for the excellent preliminary campaign he made for President Taft's nomination in 1907-8. His fine preliminary work was lost sight of by the appearance and activity of Mr. Hitchcock, whose friends, overlooking the earnest zeal which President Roosevelt threw into the Taft campaign in the last few months were disposed to give Mr. Hitchcock credit for everything. Ohio friends of the president would like to see Mr. Vorys get a recognition that would enable him to show his mettle and make a name for himself as a Warwick.

Democratic plans for committee organization will be contingent on the nomination. With Harmon as a candidate for president the situation would call out of hiding an altogether different type of man for chairman than would be deemed expedient to manage a campaign in which Woodrow Wilson or Champ Clark was the candidate.

"TRUST" CIGARETTES TO SOAR

American Tobacco Co. Said to Plan Recouping of Litigation Cost.

New York, August 30.—What appears to be a plan for recouping the cost of the trust-dissolving litigation by taking the price from the cigarette-smoking public. The report was that the American Tobacco company, the so-called trust, defendant in the federal suit, had sent out printed schedules, to be retained in the hands of its salesmen.

The salesmen were instructed not to let the schedules get out of their hands or become public, but to show them to the retailers to inform them of a 50-cent raise a thousand on five brands of cigarettes.

The company sells a million of each brand a day. It was computed that a 50-cent raise a thousand would net $2,500 profits more daily to the company, or $915,000 a year.

NO PUBLICITY OF EXPENSES

New Law Fails to Make Provision for This.

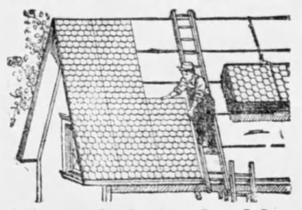
Washington, August 30.—Primary election expense statements from Senators Martin and Swanson, of Virginia, the first to be filed under the new publicity law, reached Secretary Bennett, of the senate, today. In the absence of Secretary Bennett, officials of his office declined to make them public. Following this declination a careful examination of the new publicity law resulted in the startling disclosure that in the act, presumed to be most drastic, there is no requirement for publicity of the individual statements filed by candidates for the senate or the house of representatives.

OFFICIALS TO INSPECT BEDS

Kansas Will Have to See That Sheets Are Long Enough.

Topeka, Kan., August 30.—Kansas now has an official inspector of bed clothes. He is John Kleinhans, who has been directed by the state board of health to see that Kansas hotel patrons get what the laws says they are entitled to when they pay their money. This includes sheets 92 inches long, free from germs. A hotel man at Goffs was found to be using short sheets. He was fined $25.

Free Roof Insurance Against Lightning



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Write today for our Big Free Catalog No. 975 which gives full details about Edwards Interlocking "Reo" Steel Shingles and other metal roofing and materials made by us. It tells you all about the Ten Thousand Dollar Guaranty Bond, which insures every Edwards "Reo" Steel Shingle Roof against destruction by lightning for all time.

Edwards "Reo" Steel Shingles are made of high-grade Bessemer Steel in sheets 5 to 12 feet long and 24 inches wide. Either painted or galvanized steel and all ready to put on. You can easily put them on yourself. Only hammer and nails required.

We have a Special Cash Money-Making Proposition for the man who writes for it, in each community. If any of your buildings need roofing, you are the man.

Send dimensions of your buildings and we will quote you cost of an Edwards Roof—freight prepaid. Write for offer—NOW.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 925-975 Lock St., Cincinnati, O.
Largest Manufacturers of Steel Roofing Material in the World (50)

WIFE'S DEMANDS DISPLEASE COREY

Tastes of Former Actress Said to Be Beyond Limits of His Purse.

Pittsburgh, August 30.—Rumors that the extravagant tastes and habits of Mabelle Gilman Corey, former comic opera star, have finally caused a rupture in the devoted relations between herself and her husband, W. E. Corey, former president of the United States Steel corporation, have reached their friends in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Corey has been indulging her whims at such an extravagant rate of money and energy that her husband is said to have entered objections and met with defeat, and the twain are supopsed to be less to each other than they were a year ago.

The trouble is said by a business associate of Corey, who saw both the Coreys abroad, to be the result of Mabelle Gilman Corey's desire to play the part of a grand dame.

Were Snubbed Abroad.

The Coreys accordingly went to France, where they purchased a chateau and entertained members of that class of quasi-titled continentals who find delight in forming the retinues of multi-millionaires.

Through these camp followers of the rich Mrs. Corey had sense enough to discover, though not by their intention, that there was a society from which they were barred, and she set out to storm the battlements of the smart set of the inner circle of French society.

Corey, in the meantime, tired of the game of social striving before Mrs. Corey did, but she is declared to have seen its futility and to be angry at Corey's inability to secure for her the bauble she seeks.

Rumors Are Strengthened.

The rumors that the Coreys are estranged have been heightened by the action for divorce brought by Mrs. Corey's sister, Mrs. Pearl Gilman Alisky, against her husband, the son of a wealthy theatrical man of California. She charges him with desertion, and his parents with alienation of his affections.

SINCLAIR TO WRITE A DRAMA

Will Depict "Terrible Experience" of Socialist in Prison.

Philadelphia, August 30.—Upton Sinclair yesterday returned to Arden, after his meeting in New York with his wife and Harry Kemp, the Kansas poet, who is alleged to have won the affections of Sinclair's wife.

Sinclair made known his intentions of starting work on a play which will deal with his experiences while serving time for breaking the blue laws of the state of Delaware.

"I have returned here with my 9-year-old son, and my secretary to work and not to talk," Sinclair said, "I have but little to say regarding my suit for divorce. If I cannot get a divorce in New York I shall sue for divorce in Delaware.

"I expect to remain in Arden until the fall, writing a play, to be called 'The Convict,' which will be produced in New York. It will be molded around the terrible experiences I encountered in the prison at New Castle, Del.

Last Words Heeded.

London Daily Telegraph.

Two Florentine ladies have created considerable trouble both for themselves and others by their unreasoning obedience to a deathbed exhortation These two ladies are extremely wealthy, having inherited anything between £60,000 and £80,000 from the father of the elder and the grandfather of the younger. The testator, feeling that his end was near, told them that they would inherit all his property, and added the admonition: "Remember, confide in nobody, trust nobody, and never sign your names, never, never, never!" Then he died.

The two women who remained to enjoy his fortune adopted his last words as the guiding maxims of their lives. Part of their money was invested in mortgages, some of their property was leased, but in all their transactions they steadily refused to put their names to a piece of paper of any kind. In the savings bank they had a deposit of £4,000, which they required to draw out. Glad to get rid of his troublesome clients, the chief officer made the payment in the presence of four witnesses.

BREAKING RECORD IN U. S. EXPORTS

London Puzzled at America's Great Foreign Trade and Complaints Here.

New York, Sept. 3.—As reported by some of our business men who have recently returned from Europe, Americans in London are asked how it happens that while the complaints are many of business sluggishness in the United States, nevertheless an almost unprecedented export business has been the most striking feature of American business life furnished this year.

The only reply Americans can make is that the value in money and character of our exports are the most gratifying features of American business in the year 1911.

The improvement which has been noticed in the iron and steel trade and, to some extent, in the copper trade, is to be explained in great part by the increase in the export demand for these commodities. For this reason the industrial disturbances in Great Britain and the indications of unrest rest among the employes of our own western railroads have occasioned apprehension lest there may be some falling off in our export trade.

The speedy ending of the industrial war in Great Britain and the indications that, excepting in a few isolated cases, there will be no labor difficulties in the west, furnish one of the most encouraging of the business influences of this third week of August.

Continued Increase Now Likely.

There seems now, therefore, to be no good reason why our great export trade may not be continued throughout the year and why there may not be further, and, in fact, conclusive demonstration, that the United States in its international commerce is no longer to be ranked among the nations whose exports consist almost conclusively of agricultural products.

It is yet to be demonstrated whether the increase of our export trade in manufactured articles has been made in spite of the tariff or because of the tariff. According to the view of those who have advocated the principle of a tariff for revenue only with incidental protection, a high protective tariff serves to close or narrow foreign markets for American manufactured products. But we have obtained a foreign market the magnitude of which was not dreamed of 10 years ago. It furnishes one of the surprising phenomena of modern business life.

When, early in the present century, a few farseeing business men ventured to predict that American manufactures would constitute at least 50 per cent of our export trade by the year 1912, these predictions were regarded as chimerical, and the wonder was how any competent business man could be so rash as to make such a statement.

Export of Factory Products.

At that time exports of American agriculture constituted nearly 65 per cent of our entire foreign commerce. Apparently in the calendar year of 1911 the exports of American manufacturing commodities will, in money value, constitute at least 55 per cent of our entire exports.

There remain of this calendar year five months and they are months in which exports of cotton and of certain food products, such as wheat, corn, and hay, are usually the heaviest. If, therefore, we are able to maintain the present proportionate rate of export of American manufactured articles for the remaining five months of the year the year 1911 should make a new record for our exports.

With the single exception of 1907 the exports in July of this year were greater than in any other year since the United States had any international commerce. The money value of these exports was in round numbers $128,000,000, these figures being exceeded by the record of 1907, but by only $500,000.

Trade Now Perfectly Normal.

But there appears to have been perfectly normal trade this year, whereas our exports in 1907 were stimulated by heavy cutting of prices, the magnitude of them furnishing one of the premonitions of disturbed business conditions which came to a culmination in the fall of that year.

Twice in the last seven years our international commerce for July showed trade balances against us. Last year the money value of our imports was $2,500,000, round numbers, in excess of the money value of our exports, and in the previous year imports for July were valued at $3,000,000, round numbers, more than the exports.

Porcupine a City of Tents.

Toronto Globe.

"A huge white city with tents stretching as far as eye can reach" was the way in which J. H. Jewell, who returned from Porcupine yesterday, described the new city. Work was being pushed forward night and day and buildings were running up with marvelous rapidity. Merchants have got fresh supplies and business all round is very brisk.

The fire, he said, has made a clean sweep of the underbrush, but the heavy timber is still standing, though badly scorched. An example of the awful fierceness of the fire has been brought back by Mr. Jewell. It is a nugget of gold weighing exactly an ounce which was found beside the incinerated skull of a prospector, evidently the first fruit of some new find. The gold was actually melted by the heat and presents an appearance similar to metal poured from a smelter.

FATALLY SHOT IN HIS AUTO

Gun Discharged When Man Helps Child on His Knee.

Springfield, Sept. 5.—Bart Scanlon, 44, was fatally shot last evening when returning from a hunting trip, dying later at the hospital here. He was in a touring car and reached back to help one of his children climb on to his knee. This discharged the shotgun, the entire load striking his shoulder, tearing off the left arm at the joint.

Seven Ruby Jeweled 2.95

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin Watches, we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for **ONLY $2.95.** Double hunting extra quality gold finished case handsomely engraved. Genuine 20 year guaranteed full seven ruby jeweled nickel damaskeened movement. Enamel dial with Roman or Arabic numerals, quick train lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper. In addition to the watch and without any extra charge whatever we send five Mdse. Certificates worth one dollar each when used as part payment on purchases from our catalogue, also our great offer of a handsome watch fob free. Send this advt. to us with your name, address & $2.95 and watch & certificates will be sent by return mail post paid. State whether you want a **man's watch** or a **ladies' watch** and order today as this advertisement may not appear again. **SPECIAL NOTICE.** In ordering this watch you take no risk whatever as we guarantee absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Order today. Address:

20 Year Guarantee

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., JEWELERS, 533 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW

Physician Banishes Fat by New Marvelous Simple Method, After Drugs, Medicines Advertised Remedies and Starvation Diets Had All Failed.

"REDUCED MY WEIGHT 100 POUNDS."

On Nov. 1st Dr. F. Hurner, a well-known Philadelphia physician, was one of the fattest men in that great city. He weighed 254 pounds. His waist measured 48 inches, and he wore 17½ collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of this excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely original and different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful scientific discovery by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100 lbs., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On Jan. 1st of this year Dr. Turner weighed 150 lbs.; his waist measured 37½ inches, and he wore a 15½ collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at 25 years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no Turkish Baths, Sweating, Purging, Starvation Diets, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system which any person can readily practise in their own home, without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1 lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body, and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, and he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatments. Close friends have urged him to specialize in this particular branch of work, where he could command large fees, but other business terests which occupy much of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information and in order that all may have the benefits of the system that was a good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method and telling every fleshy man and woman how they may accomplish the same happy results, without the least danger of inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him and has a few hundred copies left which he has agreed to distribute so long as they last among fleshy people, sufficiently interested to send a two-cent stamp for postage. The Doctor's present address is Dr. E. Turner, Clark Music Bldg., Suite 1278 A, Syracuse, N. Y., and any request for the booklet sent there will be given prompt attention.

RAILROADS SAVE 94 MILLIONS

But to Do It 81,870 Men Have Been Laid Off.

Chicago, August 31.—Following a plan for retrenchment, railroads of the country in the last year have laid off 81,870 men, effecting a net annual saving in operating expenses of $94,000,000, according to a report made public yesterday. This method of economy in operation has been adopted by 60 per cent of all the roads and is rapidly spreading to the remaining lines.

The decrease in expense and maintenance is said to be the result of the action of the interstate commerce commission, which refused to allow the roads to put into effect a general increase of freight rates. The largest reductions in the forces are found among the trackmen, shopmen and miscellaneous employes.

The report containing the figures may, it is said, have an important bearing on the widespread unrest existing in the ranks of the shopmen on the Harriman lines.

PARIS, MO., LIGHTS LURE LYNX

Animal "Hangs Around" Moving Picture Show and Wails.

Paris, Mo., Sept. 1.—A wild animal, supposed to be a lynx, has invaded the town of Paris and for three nights has been seen within a block of the public square on the main business thoroughfare of the town, supposedly attracted by the diamond-shaped lights advertising a moving picture show.

The animal cries like a panther and its long wailings have been heard every night after midnight since Sunday, when an organized search was made for it.

WALKS 200 MILES TO MARRY AND DOESN'T

By the Associated Press.

Kansas City, Mo., August 31.—Love sustained Mrs. Martha Williams, 58 years old, while she walked from Springfield, Mo., to this city, a distance of 200 miles, with Walter Stewart, to whom she expected to be married upon their arrival here. It turned to hate when Stewart refused to make her his wife.

In the municipal court today she appeared as prosecuting witness against Stewart whom she had arrested. She said he had violated his promise to marry her and that he refused to aid her until she could communicate with relatives Stewart, who is 45 years old, was fined $100.

MADE HIS WAGER TOO GOOD

Bet He'd Stay Under Water Two Minutes—He Did.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., August 31.—An endurance swimming test was responsible for the death of Frank Fusco, of Altoona, at Frankstown, in the Juniata river, Tuesday evening. Fusco bet with his fellow-bathers that he could stay under the water for two minutes. It was two hours before his body was recovered.

15 WORKMEN FALL TO DEATH

Paris, August 30.—A railroad bridge in the course of construction over a deep gorge near Brine, in the Engadine valley of Switzerland, collapsed last night, carrying with it 30 workmen to the depths below.

Fifteen of the men were killed and 15 frightfully injured.

HUSKY MEN KEPT IN BED FOR YEARS

Mother Convinces 3 Full-Grown Sons They Have Fatal Illness.

Gloversville, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Although reputable physicians, humane officers and many others have examined the three stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett, of the town of Hope, Hamilton county, and find nothing the matter with them, the three men have been confined to their beds for a period of from six to ten years.

They were placed in this peculiar plight by the hypnotic influence of their mother, who has told them they are suffering from heart disease.

George, aged 32 years, has been confined to his bed for the last eight years; Ward, aged 18, has been in bed for the last 10 years, and Frank, aged 27 years, has not been out of bed for a period of approximately six years.

Physicians Find No Trouble.

Not one of these strong, almost perfect specimens of manhood has, in the opinion of those who have examined them, the least thing the trouble with them.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bennett insist the men are suffering terribly and both scoff at the idea that they have been hypnotized. The town of Hope has offered to have the men sent to a hospital for treatment, but the parents will not allow it. Hundreds have been interested in the strange case and have visited the home, but no one has been able to fathom it.

Sept. 28, 1910, one of the sons wrote a letter secretly and had it mailed clandestinely to an acquaintance. The letter, which was a plaintive appeal for aid, was well written and may be true, and, again, on the other hand, it may have been the result of the nervous condition of a person suffering from imaginary troubles.

Letter Sent to Friend.

This letter was as follows:

I have made several complaints concerning the suffering and the situation of my brothers and myself. There are three of us sick and suffering, helpless in bed with heart trouble. I tell you we are losing our lives. What we are suffering is the most cruel and inhuman thing I ever heard of.

Of late my mother has conducted herself in a more brutish manner than she has in a year. She raves and yells at the top of her voice, using abusive and profane language. She locks father outdoors and won't get us anything to eat. We can scarcely get food and sleep enough to prevent exhaustion, and what the strain of excitement is doing to us, with the starvation, is impossible to describe.

My father is brutish also, and has no respect for our lives.

It seems a mystery to the public why we have remained in bed so long. This letter reveals to you the truth of the matter. We have been bothered with heart trouble from our youth up, and were taken with this disease, and a violent and lasting strain of the trouble has racked our hearts and nervous systems and utterly ruined us, keeping us in a state of nervous prostration.

Places Blame on Mother.

In a postscript to the letter the son says his father was not wholly to blame in the case and even he was abused by the mother.

The Bennetts own a good sized farm which yields them a comfortable living. Mr. Bennett, who seems to be a man of considerable intelligence, does the farming and his wife devotes most of her time to caring for the three "invalids."

The three men are fine types of manhood. They are all six footers and although pale as a result of their long confinement, are still hardy, robust men, able to get out and do a big day's work.

Physicians were at first mystified over the strange case, but there is not one of the many who have examined the men but who expresses the same opinion, that the men are as sound as a dollar.

Good-Bye Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic by a New Discovery

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever.

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, but a common sense method.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods have failed.

Ethel Baker, of N. Y., writes: "My bust which was once flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

E. Walbel, of N. J., writes: "I was always troubled with hair on my arms, but now they are as clear of it as the palm of my hand."

Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes, your beauty treatment causes the wrinkles to quickly disappear.

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you absolutely free, her various new beauty treatment and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles:
How to develop the bust quickly:
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows:
How to remove superfluous hair instantly.
How to clear the skin of blackheads, pimples and freckles:
How to remove dark circles under the eyes:
How to quickly remove double chin:
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body:
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling:
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite A-640, 82 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovlier in every way.

HARMON'S BOOM BLOWN

Press Bureau Gets Busy on His Merits.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Governor Harmon of Ohio is the first Democratic candidate for president to start a press bureau to promote his candidacy. This week Washington was flooded with the first fruits of the publicity bureau. Each Washington correspondent received two typewritten pages, under the stamp of the "Ohio Democrat News Bureau," the headquarters of which are given as "916 Harrison building, Columbus, Ohio."

The press agent says that Governor Harmon's chief claim to distinction is that he has given the state of Ohio an economical administration of public affairs and that he is needed in Washington to carry out the same policy there and arrest the growing extravagance. Harmon is credited with having saved the state approximately twenty-three million dollars.

These economies, however, when analyzed, do not mean that the governor actually cut down public expenditures that much. The saving was made, it seems, in the opinion of the governor's eulogist, by his signing legislation that prevented short weights in the sale of products, by vetoing road improvement bills, the abolition of boards of trustees of state institutions, by enforcing the collection of taxes on capital stock of corporations, and, finally, the press agent takes credit directly for the savings made by the officers of various state institutions such as the state printer. Finally the governor is given credit for the refusal of the senate and house-clerks to accept pay for "Sunday work" when none was rendered. This is said to have resulted in a saving to the state of $500. Small, but significant, eh!

Another feature of the first output of the bureau was the result of a poll taken of congress by the Chicago Tribune in which Governor Harmon is shown to have led as a first choice. Stress was laid upon the fact that two New Jersey democratic congressmen voted for Harmon instead of Wilson.

WHITE GIRL'S TWIN IS BLACK

Sallie and Marie Bonner Under Observation by Physicians.

Philadelphia, August 30.—Cooling side by side in a crib at the Chestnut street recreation pier are Sallie Bonner, aged 5, who is as white as snow, and her twin sister, Marie, who is as black as the ace of spades.

Physicians say that this prank of nature is an unusual but well authenticated atavism of manifestation of a racial strain that for generations has been submerged, but finally crops out. They will keep the children under close observation.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

PERSONAL.

LISTEN—DON'T READ THIS IF YOU DON'T care where your money goes. We can show you how to save half or more on anything you need, whether it be a paper of needles or a $500 diamond, groceries, men's, ladies' and boys' clothing, furniture, jewelry or any merchandise. Best granulated sugar at 4c a pound; Uneeda Biscuits, 3c; 5 bars Lenox soap, 14c; best $12 suits of clothes, $4.75; best $20 suit, $8.75; best guaranteed $25 sewing machine, $10.65; floor oil cloth, 18c a yard; ladies' guaranteed 14-k solid gold watch, $6.50; or anything you can think of at the same low prices; booklets free, city, country or anywhere; write or call; lady agents wanted everywhere. The Harrison System, 202 Pittsburgh Life Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

WISE WOMEN and discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, rubber goods, appliances, etc. "Hints and Helps" and illustrated catalogue 2c. Address Webster Specialty Co., Dept. J, Chicago

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

AGENTS.

AGENT WANTED—SELLING OUR MASONIC, I. O. O. F., K. P., Red Men and Grange charts; size 22x28 inches. Write for terms to agents. The Empire, Stonington, Me.

CLAIRVOYANT.

FORTUNE TOLD: Past and future, love, marriage, business and all matters of life carefully treated. Send birthdate and 4c in stamps. Geo. A. Millet, St. John's, Newfoundland.

FREE—Future, past, present revealed. Send dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madame Irene, 50 Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Sheep dog, broken to drive cattle. Sidney Clare, Fitzgerald, Ga.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Young man of good character to learn automobile and aeronautical business and open garage and automobile agency after completing. We will furnish the proper man with tools and equipment for garage and select town. $175.00 profit on each car sold. We secure agency without any investment for demonstrating car. All agents receive training in factory where cars are built, before opening business. Training by mail to begin with. Write for Plan No. 171 which gives full information. The Automobile College of Washington, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Sixty young men to learn Telegraphy and accept positions as telegraph operators on the L. & N. Railroad. Good salaries. Address E. H. ROY, Supervisor, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN wanted for government positions. October examinations everywhere. Influence unnecessary. $90.00 a month. Annual vacation. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-92, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATENT for sale. An automatic release for cross-cut saw handle. It practically eliminates danger in felling timber, also saves lots of time. For particulars add. Alb. S. Brown, Granite, Ore.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

MEDICAL.

APPENDICITIS cured. Gallstones also. To demonstrate remedy sent prepaid on receipt of $1. Sworn testimonials furnished. J. Hanna Co., Scott, O.

HELP WANTED.

500 men 30 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank, enclosing stamp. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

RICH WOMAN GIVES UP SOCIETY TO BECOME NUN

New York, August 30.—On the threshold of the renunciation of all that usually fills the life of a woman born and bred to society's purple—a life in which she had been a dominant factor, aided by abundant wealth and high intellectual attainments—Mrs. Gertrude Haile Lanman, a widow, has come to this city from her home in Norwich, Ct., to be received into the Convent of the Sisters of the Reparation.

Exclusive society in New York, in which Mrs. Lanman was welcome will be no less surprised than that in her home town, where she was a social arbiter, to learn that, at the conclusion of three weeks of prayer and meditation, she will begin her novitiate.

"I have tried all the pleasures that the world has to offer," Mrs. Lanman said, in parting with one of her dearest friends. "All are unsatisfying. My happiness henceforth will lie in following in our Lord's footsteps and in humbly trying to do his work in laboring for others"

In keeping with the scriptural injunction that it is "easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," Mrs. Lanman has disposed of her jewels, art objects, her beautiful residence, one of the finest in Connecticut; in fact, all of her possessions except immediate property, the income of which will be devoted to philanthropy.

It was known to society, both in this city and Norwich, that Mrs. Lanman contemplated some radical change when she sold her home recently and took up her abode in two rooms at the Haile club in Norwich, an organization for working girls, which she founded four years ago. She confided in none, however, the fact that she planned to take the veil. She declined even last night to discuss her decision, although she will begin her spiritual retreat soon.

Mrs. Lanman is the widow of William Camp Lanman, who was a nephew of Commodore Lanman. Her father was Dr. A. B. Haile, and on her mother's side she comes of the Mays, of Savannah, Ga., a southern family of distinction and wealth. Her conversion, in the fall of 1909, to the Roman Catholic church, attracted much attention. She became active in Red Cross and settlement work.

Since her baptism as a Catholic, Mrs. Lanman has spent many weeks at different times in retreat with the Sisters of the Reparation, whose obligation is to pray at frequent times during the day and night before the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel in reparation for the sins of the heedless, unthinking world.

After taking the veil

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

Homesteading in Colorado.

THE pioneer life of today, which is first cousin to pioneer life in the early days of this country, is that of those who are homesteading, or holding down claims in the far west. It is the various phases of life today which The Blade Book is featuring, and accounts of real life in the present, whether in the north, south, east or west, are the accounts we are most desirous of having. Reminiscences, stories of old times, are entertaining, by way of variety, but the present of this country is filled with interest, and "doings are being done," which some of you can tell about if you will.

The Blade Book is a performance which may be stopped immediately, or may continue indefinitely. At all events, so long as it lasts, you who have a story to tell, come to the front and tell it. There is none who has not some story worth telling; the difficulty is, that half of you do not know the value and general interest of your story. Have a try at The Blade Book. You need not tell your real name in print, if you do not wish to.

This week, chapter fifteen, Homesteading in Colorado, is written by HAZEL BOWMAN.

"Sure, the readin' o' that same is up to ye now, her bein' a worthy woman."—Mary Cassidy.

I thought perhaps you would enjoy hearing about my new home. To me, the novelty has not yet worn off, though I suppose life in this region would seem very commonplace to one who had lived here always.

My husband and I came to this great, dry and arid desert in southeast Colorado, early in the spring. We immediately set to work, building a shack on our claim. We built every bit ourselves, and I became quite an expert at hammering, principally my thumbs. Our shack is built of rough lumber, roofed with rubberoid and lined with building paper. Almost all of our household effects are home made, even to our dining table, but in spite of this we manage to be real cozy and snug, especially the latter, since we have built a corral and dug and cemented a cistern. Of course, we have a wagon tank and haul all the water, though the stock waters at the irrigation ditch, just south of us. Being on a higher level, this ditch does not benefit us in the least. On this side of it the prairie is covered with buffalo grass, sage brush, cacti and soap weed, while the watered portion, to the south of the ditch, blossoms like a rose. Great alfalfa fields, with their shimmering crowns of blue flowers—so sweet-smelling—immense fields of wheat, and beautiful homesteads, with invariably a cottonwood wind-break, are there. This country, of a truth, flows with milk and honey, needing only the magic touch of the water to bring its wonderful fertility to a head.

The country's greatest drawback, aside from lack of moisture, are the perpetual winds and the dust storms. These sweep on like a race horse and are frightful. Well, one consolation is, no one attempts to keep a dust-free house here.

Did you ever hear a band of coyotes howling in the dead of night? If not, you have never heard real music. It is a cross between a steam calliope and cats fighting. Just a few mornings past I looked out and saw a coyote calmly choosing a chicken from my flock. I called my husband, and for once, at least, I saw a man hurry. The coyotes are a pest, sometimes demolishing a whole flock of fowls in broad daylight.

It is surprising, the great distance one can see here. Some mornings the Two Butte mountains, 50 miles away, may be clearly seen, though "old timers" tell us it is only a mirage. One sees an abundance of game, of which jack rabbits are the most common. My husband recently saw an antelope, and fish are plentiful. I have seen many rattlers, prairie dogs and owls, which all bunk together. Isn't that odd? Tarantulas and centipedes are quite common.

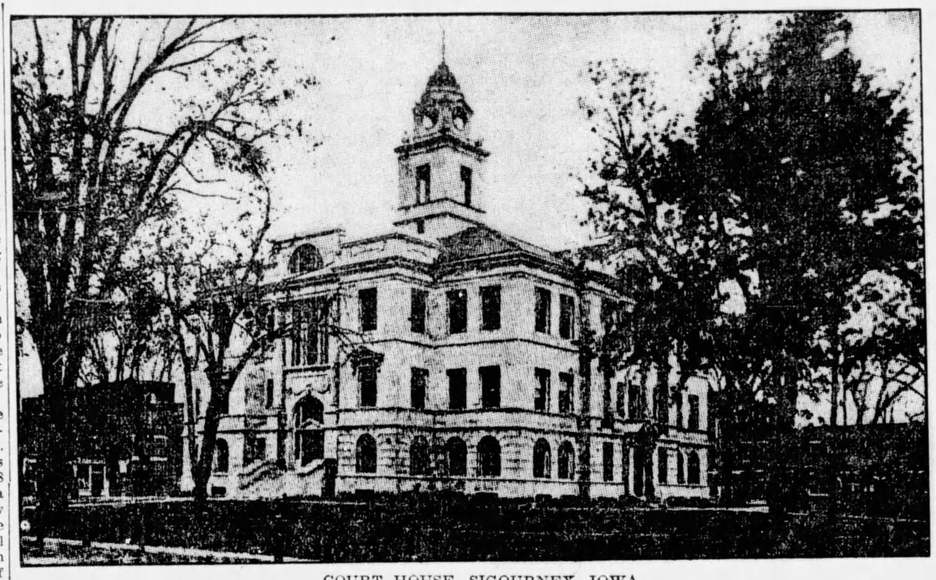
One evening as we sat in our front yard of 360 acres we watched the lights of the automobiles go skimming past in the valley below, while the coyotes were making the night hideous. I felt as I were where the past and future meet. I could not help wondering whether we would retrograde or progress, for one cannot stand still in this wonderful, newly-awakened country.

The whole prairie is dotted with shacks of people, such as we are, who have in many cases left comfortable homes and dear friends in an effort to wrest this desert from its bondage and turn it into an Eden of fertility.

Our outlook is very bright, as the ditch which is to water us is well under way, and is being rapidly pushed. We expect to be "under the ditch," as they say here, within the next 18 months. When, by chance, we have a rain, one almost sees vegetation grow and never again doubts the ultimate outcome of this country. We shall have earned whatever we succeed in getting, for we have endured much, of which the loneliness is perhaps the worst. As I am alone all day—we lost our only child a few months before coming here—and my husband works from home, I sometimes get almost frantic, and I can readily see why the hot wind, the blazing sun and the never-ending sameness and loneliness sometimes drive sheepherders mad, but we are young and feel that we can afford to give a few years to a life which, no matter how distasteful it may be, will surely profit us in the end.

Since coming here I enjoy the Peace Page more than ever, and I hope that if Elizabeth sees fit to print this conglomeration it will not prove irksome to its readers.—Hazel Bowman, McClave, Colorado.

Elizabeth had the fit, you see. Come again.



COURT HOUSE, SIGOURNEY, IOWA.

From a postcard sent by Mrs. E. J. Martin, who lives in the town which owns this courthouse. The postcard is published by Graham, Latimer & Henderson, of the same place.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

IN BROILING WEATHER

Dear Elizabeth and M. G. R.'s—With the thermometer 100 in the shade, and "me that hot, meself," with no energy to fan, I am going to write a letter to our Peace Page. Every hot Thursday morning, as soon as our little bunch of mail comes, I manage to steal a few moments of time. Taking The Blade, I go out in the yard in the shade of a big maple tree and read the letters, while I "cool."

We have had no rain for several months. All around me I can see the corn in the gardens, the grass, and even the leaves on the trees, drying up. But "here's hoping" that we will have a good big rain soon.

Just a few minutes ago I went out and looked at the flowers so hot and dry. There are some late roses and I pulled off a few to send to you, Elizabeth. I wish you could have seen my flowers in June. They were beautiful.

I have been camping at the mineral springs near here, for a few days. It was a very enjoyable trip. If I see this in print I may come again.—Clover Blossom, Indiana.

The flowers reached me, all right. And their color was pink and fresh. Thank you.—Elizabeth.

HOCKING COUNTY

Dear Readers—I have long been an appreciative reader of The Peace Page. I have enjoyed Elizabeth's articles very much, also the M. G. R. and the Cozy Corner. As descriptive letters have been requested, I will contribute my mite to this interesting page, by writing a description of some of the natural scenery with which our locality abounds.

Hocking county lies in the southeastern part of Ohio, and is crossed by the Hocking river. The name, signifying "bottle-neck," was given it by the Indians. Perhaps many of The Blade readers have read Forest Rose, a story of the struggles between the early settlers of Ohio and the Indians. The valley of this river is the scene of the story.

There are many rock hollows throughout this part of the state. The most beautiful of which, attract many visitors every summer. The most noted rocks are the Rock House, Ash Cave, Cantwell Cliff, Natural Rock Bridge and Salt Petre Cave. Several of these rocks have been mentioned in the M. G. R, but none were fully described; nor can pen describe these wonders of nature, but I will try to convey to the readers a faint idea of the most important of these points, viz: The Rock House. Owing to its popularity, a large hotel was erected here, perhaps half a century ago, and now many touring cars, filled with city people, visit this quiet resort. Visitors leave the hotel and enter the forest by a steep path, leading down into a ravine, nearly 200 feet below. After descending a few feet, a pathway leads to the right, where we walk out on a precipice underneath an overhanging cliff. Here we view the rocky ledge, or wall, extending hundreds of feet around the head of the ravine. Across and 100 feet above the bottom, we see the opening of the east end of the Rock House. Above this precipice is a spring, the water from it falls over in fine sprays into a little pool, 200 feet below. Returning to the path, we descend to the little streamlet which we cross on a foot log.

Stop and imagine the change, on a hot summer day, from the dusty, sunbeaten road, to this cool, shady retreat. There are ferns and green mosses everywhere. The constantly falling water and the dense pine trees give a freshness to the air on the hottest of days. To reach the cave, we ascend a narrow path along the base of the cliff. Squeezing through a narrow gorge that has been aptly named "fat man's misery," we reach the main entrance to the Rock House, which is a cave 200 feet from east to west, about 25 feet wide, with an arched ceiling, 40 or 50 feet high in the center, and about 11 feet at the sides. The cave is supposed to have been formed by the erosion of the soft sand stone, leaving massive columns supporting the roof of the cave, the openings between the columns admitting light. At the east end of the cave stands a cliff separated from the main rock, where the courageous ones, stepping across a narrow chasm, can look straight down, probably a hundred feet. Innumerable names have been inscribed on all accessible rock surface, within and without the cave, many dating far back before the civil war.—Martha Kelch, Rockbridge, Ohio.

OUR TOWN

Dear M. G. R.'s—May I join your happy circle? I have never seen a letter from this part of the country, and so I thought I would write one. I live in a small town, named Wayland. It is situated about half way between Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo. I will try to describe the village.

It is a small town of about 800 inhabitants, and is noted for its beautiful maple trees and cement walks. Nearly every street has a row of trees on each side. The homes, as a rule, are nice, and their green lawns make a striking contrast with the white walks. We have a high school and two factories. One is the Walters cabinet factory, the other a paper press factory.

We have three churches, two hotels, an electric light plant and water works, and some fine stores, including meat markets, millinery, shoe store, and furniture. People in this town never get sick, as we have about seven doctors. The town is on the G. R. & I. railroad, and is in a good farming section, and I forgot to say it possesses a fine park.

I have read The Blade ever since I could remember, and have enjoyed the Merry-Go-Round and Poets' Corner very much. I hope if any of the Merry-Go-Round writers ever come this way, that they will stop and see our town, of which we are very proud. Truly yours—Bunny, Michigan.

MESSAGES TO M. G. R.'S

Dear Friends—It has been over a year since I have written, but I have read all the letters and think the Peace Page is the best ever. As it seems to be in order, I move we extend our heartiest congratulations to Florida Old Man. Behold, our sphere of usefulness is increased by his June wedding.

I enjoyed reading the letter by Chrysanthemum and would like to meet the one who writes under that name. I hope Sir Invalid has recovered ere this. It certainly would be uncomfortable to be a "shut in," this warm weather. I wish you all could have gone with me on a fishing trip I enjoyed recently. About 20 young folks carried dinner and drove 18 miles to a stream where fish are said to be numerous. I am sure they still are, for the ones we caught never would be missed, but the fun we had!

What has happened to Mississippi Sunflower? Has she had another tired motor to leave her in midstream? Anyway, come again. Slim, are your feelings "hurted?" We like your letters very much.

I am taking music lessons, and I surely like to practice (?). Notice the question mark?

I think I heard someone whisper, "nuff ced," so I say, good-bye. Your old friend—Leonore of Ohio.

POETS' CORNER

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Author Unknown.

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf pin, a chain and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculte style,
Sporting an eyeglass, a lisp and a smile?
Talking of operas, concerts and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself "At Homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, whilst railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust.
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent and when he should speak.

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living uprightly, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold;
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching out boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature hath made.
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortune or birth.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR

Author Unknown.

I am a little scholar,
I daily go to school;
To learn of Master Jesus,
A perfect golden rule.

The scholars all do love Him
The school is good and free;
Come all ye careless sinners,
And go to school with me.

I am a little Christian,
The Lord hath made me so;
All over a new creature,
What wonders he can do.

I love the things I hated,
I hate the things I loved;
My Jesus has prepared me,
To reign with Him above.

I am a little preacher,
I preach the gospel free;
And all my Master gives me,
I give it all away.

And when my heart gets empty
I go to Master's store;
I tell him all about it,
He smiles and gives me more.

I am a little shepherd,
I feed my Master's sheep;
And all the hills of Zion,
I loveth them to keep.

The food my Master gives me,
With which to feed the flock;
It is the bread of Life divine,
And honey from the rock.

I am a little watchman,
I stand upon the wall;
And when the foe is coming,
I give a certain call.

I blow the little trumpet,
To let the people know;
And all who will take warning,
Escape from every foe.

I am a little poet,
I made the little song;
And oft times it doth comfort me,
When I am all alone.

If any other creature,
Should wish to feel the same;
I pray the Lord may set his soul
All in a heavenly flame.

I often go to meeting,
I go through wet and dry;
And when the Lord is with me,
I feel no danger nigh.

The devil and his angels,
With all their cunning art;
Cannot keep me away then,
When Christ fills up my heart.

I want to warn poor sinners,
To flee from every foe;
Then when the Lord is coming,
That they may with him go.

To shout aloud his praises,
Through all eternity;
Oh, what a happy meeting,
When we are made so free.

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

Author Unknown.

"I love you, mother," said Rosabell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
And she fretted and pouted full half a day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went out to play.

"I love you, mother," said little John.
"I love you, mother," and his cap went on;
Out in the garden, into the swing,
And he left her the water and the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"I love you mother and I'll help you all I can;
"I am so glad that school doesn't keep,"
And she rocked the baby till he fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she brought the broom,
Swept up the crumbs and tidied the room;
Cheerful and happy all day was she,
Cheerful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," three children said,
Three children getting ready for bed;
How do you think this mother could guess,
Which of her children loved her the best?

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Author Unknown.

The pretty, little stars are laughing love,
The sky looks calm and clear;
The moon is shining brightly from above,
'Tis time that you were here.
You said that you would surely come at eight,
And with the twinkling stars—
Down by grandpa's meadow
You would meet me at the bars.
CHORUS.
O, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little stars,
O, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little stars;
You said that you would surely come at eight,
And with the twinkling stars.
Down, down by grandpa's meadow,
You would meet me at the bars.

The pretty little stars are laughing love,
They speak to me of you,
That tell me as they twinkle up above,
That you to me are true.
And the silvery moon is peeping through the clouds,
Behind the pretty stars—
Tell me 'tis eight and time that you,
Should meet me at the bars.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

By Dr. W. S. Pitts.

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No liveller place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow;
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood.
Oh, come to the church in the vale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

THE WICKED "LITTLE THINGS"

Dear Elizabeth—After reading of the many divorce cases in the daily papers and the numerous letters in the magazines concerning this subject, I am inclined to think it is the little things in life that make all the disturbances. When "John" comes in to dinner and it is not smoking hot on the table, what is the use of raising the roof on account of it? An accident may have happened to one of the children, or a caller may have come in just at the dinner hour, or any number of little things may have happened to cause the delay.

Then, too, it is not always the men who lose their heads. We women are just as bad. Because the Good Man happens to grab up your best sofa pillow to lay his tired head on for a few moments, do not, for pity sake, scare him to death by screaming at him and trying to make him think it is the only one in the world. Sofa pillows are very numerous, and not expensive, either.

As one of my neighbors ran in one morning, she stopped on the threshold with "Whew! John's been smoking in the house, hasn't he? Aren't you afraid he will spoil your pretty curtains?"

"Not a bit of it," said I. "When these are soiled I'll take them down and clean them. When they are spoiled he will buy me some more."

Why, the pleasantest moments of our lives are when we have tucked the babies snugly away in bed and have settled ourselves in our little parlor; John with his pipe and paper; I with my sewing of "dainty nothingness," as he calls it.

For awhile he reads away, while I form the pretty flowers of my fancy-work. At last paper and work are laid aside; John takes up his pipe and we talk over the events of the day. The rings of smoke curl up around his head, then waft themselves over the two feet or more of space between us and settle around me like a mist. I brush it aside and "John" says, "too thick for you, little woman?"

"Oh, no," I answer, "I merely wanted to get a glimpse of your face."

We laugh and go on with our chatting, while the blue smoke fills the room and a sort of homey delight fills out hearts. Almost 19 years of this wedded happiness have passed over our heads. We found, early in life, that it does not pay to mind the little things.

Now, Elizabeth, I am not a literary woman, by any means, so if this lands in the basket, other than the Waiting Basket, I shall not cry one bit. Lovingly,—Mrs. Elizabeth, of Michigan.

The Elizabeth of this letter is right in what she says about the little things, meaning, little irritations. We pay too much attention to these and magnify them into unforgivable grievances. There are two little bears which should be kept for pets in every family. These are bear and forbear, and they are good fellows to have for steady company, whether married or single. Always we must bear and forebear with one another. Speaking of "dainty nothingness," as applied to fancy work, my father used to call it: "Pulling colored string through a white rag."—Elizabeth.

FROM UNCLE JIM

Dear Blade Readers—I am a boy, 76 years young, and have been reading The Blade for more than 40 years. Now, doesn't that give me a place among you girls and boys? I do not know whether to go in the M. G. R. or the boys' and girls' column. I guess I am a boy, as I have about 80,000 pets and I like them all, for they make me money. I guess you will know what they are, when I tell you that I sold almost 2,000 pounds of honey in the past fall.

I was born in Ohio in the year 1834, and my mother's name was Elizabeth, but my father called her Betsy. Now, Elizabeth, don't get "huffy" because I told the nickname.—Your Uncle Jim from Missouri.

Elizabeth never gets "huffy" at you folks. Come again and visit with us some more, yet. Quite a number of The Blade family keep a bee. You seem to have a large herd. No one would object if you should tell us something about them.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Editor Peace Page—Having been a reader of The Blade since the days of Nasby at the X Roads, I consider myself an old acquaintance. Many of your readers will remember us, as we were on the road for a number of years, singing in the churches, and visiting nearly every state in the union, east of the Rockies, finally settling in one of the most beautiful and productive sections we ever visited. Please say to all of our friends that we have been here for nine years and are all well and happy and speaking a good word for The Blade.—The Pomeroy Family, Lake View, Michigan.

Many thanks for those kind "wolds" you wrote to me. I am too shy to print them.—Elizabeth.

AVON PARK, FLORIDA

Peace Page—Readers of The Blade who visited southern Florida in the past January and saw the thermometer mark between 80 and 90 degrees, some days, may think we melt off the map in midsummer, but 90 is about the limit in any season, with daily showers and trade winds to refresh our bodies, and weekly, the Peace Page is let down like a sheet out of heaven, filled with good reading, appetizingly arranged, a la Elizabeth, to refresh our spirits.

Avon Park, De Soto county, is a gem among the lakes, near the south end of Dixie land. We do not go in quest of the fountain of perpetual youth, for the air is filled with the antiseptic balsams from the Eucalyptus trees that abound here. Our population, 500, two-thirds of them transients, descendants of Tam, dwelling in tents, have been smoothing a way for a railroad through this beautiful natural park, and in a few months the Panama and South American limited will come thundering down the line, awakening us from our Rip Van Winkle Sleep.—Eucalypt Lodge, Florida

AN ARKANSAS FRIEND

Friends of the Cozy Corner—I have always been interested in the letters of this corner, and never having seen a letter from northwest Arkansas, I will tell you something about this part of the state. We have a fine country for all kinds of fruits, and vegetables do well here. Cotton is the main, staple crop, but considerable corn is raised. The climate is fine and the scenery is unsurpassed. The air is dry and bracing, as the altitude is about 1,000 feet above sea level.

From the crest of the mountain, on which we live, we have a grand view of the Arkansas river and beyond can be seen the blue outlines of the distant hills. I hope to see this in print.—Clinton Anderson, Arkansas.

SMILE IT DOWN

Author Unknown.

Everyone who loves you,
Loves to see you smile;
Loves to see you cheerful
Happy all the while;
Smiling comes so easy,
Never wear a frown;
If you feel one rising,
Quickly smile it down.

FAT DISAPPEARS!

TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST.

(No Drugs, Medicine, Harmful Exercises, or Starvation Diet)

Here I am, Weighing 162 Lbs., Before I Reduced. Compare the Difference.

Here I am, After Reducing 37 Lbs. in Five Weeks, With My Harmless Home Treatment.

FULL $10.00 TREATMENT 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

After buying everything advertised, only to be disappointed and fooled, I began to study how to reduce my fat myself. I realized that I had to find out the cause of my fat before I could hope to reduce it. I FOUND THE CAUSE! The rest was easy. All I had to do was to remove the cause, and I swear under oath that by my simple method, without drugs, medicines, harmful exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my weight thirty-seven pounds in five weeks.

DEAR FAT BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Spend no more money on so-called fat reducers!

I have printed a book for you that I am giving away free (prepaid), so that you may know of my successful method and be able to permanently reduce your fat from 5 to 70 lbs. WITH MY LARGE, COMPLETE 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL TREATMENT—WITHOUT HARMFUL EXERCISES, STARVATION DIET, DRUGS OR MEDICINES.

MY TREATMENT WILL NOT REDUCE MORE THAN SEVENTY POUNDS—BUT THIS AMOUNT WILL HELP YOU, I KNOW.

My book is yours for the asking and will be sent free prepaid. I have found that the only way to know happiness is to give it. If you want my free 30-day $10.00 trial treatment, send your name and address, plainly written. Your friend,

MARJORIE HAMILTON, Suite 1042 Central Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER XII.

The Capture.

The silence of the boys irritated the farmer and struck him as being something unnatural and mysterious. Then, too, he had made inquiries regarding the identity of the Nifties and had found out that their fathers were men of consequence who might make him trouble, knowing that he had no real right to hold the Indian against his will, and knowing, too, that he was in the wrong, he hesitated a little about going ahead with the capture. If he could get the boys on his side he would feel better satisfied, but he did not know how it could be managed.

"Say, now, look here," he wheedled, "you don't want to help that boy run away. He won't come to any good by it. So long as he stays with me he's got a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear. Just as like as not he'll get you to help him away, and then he'll go tramping."

He waited to see what effect this would have, but apparently it had none whatever. The boys were as silent as though they were stricken with dumbness. It was only Fritz who responded, and he expressed his opinion by barking and growling.

"Well, it's your own fault. If you won't listen to reason I'll have to go into the barn and take him."

He waited again after this threat, but was again met with silence. This performance of the Nifties put him in a towering rage. It made him feel as if they regarded him as of no importance, and if he had acted as he felt he would have beaten each one of them soundly.

The Nifties were really enjoying themselves. In the beginning they had not spoken because they were in doubt what to say. When they saw the effect their silence had upon the farmer, their spirit of teasing held them to it and nothing he could do would make them recognize his presence by speaking. When they looked at him it was as if the face his burly figure occupied were vacant. To be thus ignored was worse than if he had been combated. He knew how to rule by brute force, but he could not meet strategy. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, repeating: "If you won't listen to reason, I'll have to go into the barn and take him."

The boys glanced at one another when he tramped away. They hoped that by the delay they had caused the Indian had found some means of escape, though they could not see how it was possible.

"Well, anyway, we might as well go and see what happens," Freckles remarked.

While it was yet light outside, it was shadowy in the barn. The boys, standing in front of the open door, looking in, at first could see nothing. As their eyes grew accustomed to the light, they discovered the Indian was not in sight. Aside from their camping outfit and the farmer there was nothing to be seen in the place. The farmer was before the open window, talking through it to his confederate, outside.

"You say he didn't come through here?" he asked.

"No, I've not moved from this spot. He hasn't come this way. It's taking you long enough," he grumbled. "I thought you said you had a sure thing."

"Well, it beats me," the farmer said, turning to face the Nifties.

They were one broad smile, thinking that the Indian had managed in same way to evade his pursuers. Fritz was close to his master's heels, looking up into his face inquiringly, as if seeking an explanation of the unusual situation.

"Rats, Fritz!" said Freckles in a low tone. "Shake 'em up!"

Freckles made a mistake. Fritz was only too ready for a scrimmage of any sort, and made a dash into the barn. The only thing he could see to "shake up" was the tent, lying in a heap on the floor. Too late, Freckles saw that it had been hastily unfolded and lay in a heap.

"Come here, Fritz, come here," he shouted in a voice of stern command.

Fritz was too excited to obey. He had a fold of the tent in his teeth, shaking it furiously, and at the some time uncovering a foot, which was drawn up hastily, but too late to escape notice.

The farmer's eyes were quick, and with long strides, he crossed the barn floor, flung Fritz aside with a sweep of his big hand, threw back the canvas folds of the tent, and revealed the Indian.

"Gee!" gasped the Nifties, as one voice.

The Indian jumped to his feet and faced the farmer defiantly. "I will not go with you," he said.

"Oh yes you will, young fellow. Will you come peaceable or be carried?" the farmer demanded.

The Indian turned appealingly to the boys. Freckles stepped up to the farmer.

"Go on out of this barn," he commanded. "You have no more right to take that boy than you have to take one of us. Go on away from here."

"It'll take more'n your say so to make me," replied the farmer.

He grasped the Indian firmly by the shoulder and whirled him around. "Come on, young feller, you're beaten. You might as well come quietly."

"I suppose I had," the Indian told him, "but you can put this in your pipe, I'm not coming to stay."

With regret the boys saw the Indian marched away between his two captors. Once he looked back at them to wave his hand and say, "I'll see you later. Just watch me."

The farmer caught him by the shoulder and gave him a jerk which made him stumble. The Nifties clenched their fists at this, and were for making a rush to the rescue, but their better sense prevailed, and they stayed where they were until they should be able to do something that would be really helpful to the Indian.

"He won't dare to hurt him," Freckles said, "now that he knows we're watching his game. Say, I like that Indian; he's all right," in which opinion the club was unanimous.

(Continued Next Week.)

OUR COOK BOOK

HERE is another sour pickle recipe which reads like a pretty good one, so we will publish it. What we really need in the line of pickle recipes now are sweet and mustard pickles and pickled fruits. I hope some will come along with these before it is too late in the season. I like to have the real ones from real Blade housekeepers.

Nine-Day Pickles.

If you want a two gallon jar or crockful, when ready to put your pickles away take two jars which will hold two gallons, fill them with cucumbers and make a brine of one cup of salt with sufficient water to cover cucumbers. Put on a weight to keep them under the brine. Drain off this brine for three mornings, let it come to a boil, skim and put back on the pickles, boiling hot. The fourth morning take half vinegar and half water, heat to the boiling point. Do this for three mornings, then take good vinegar. If too strong weaken it. One pound of sugar, if you like, spices to your taste. Heat all to the boiling point and turn over the pickles. Heat the third time, then you take a cup of horseradish roots, cut in inch pieces, and two red peppers. Heat them with the vinegar, put all in one jar and cover with horseradish leaves. If you do this no scum will rise on the pickles.—Aunt Mary from Georgia.

Apple Roley Poley.

Mix dough as for baking powder biscuit, that is, sift together two heaping teaspoons of baking powder with three cups of flour. Work together thoroughly with one large cooking spoonful of lard and a small teaspoonful of salt. After mixing these moisten with water. This may be dipped with a spoon into the cooking basin, without rolling. Take half of the dough for the lower part, then spread apple sauce, the kind made from apples that do not cook too mushy. Cover with the remainder of the dough and steam an hour and a half.

"Dip" or Sauces.

Put into a quart of boiling water a tablespoonful of flour which has been mixed with water; a large cup of sugar and a lump of butter. Flavor with nutmeg, a little cinnamon and cloves.

Another way to make sauce is with sweetened cream, seasoned lightly with nutmeg. Another way is to cream butter and sugar together, making what is called hard sauce.—Irene C. Mosgrove, Urbana, Ohio.

Green Corn Fritters.

Grate four ears of corn, season with salt and pepper, a very little milk and just flour enough to hold them together, with one egg. Fry one tablespoon at a time in butter, like you do oysters.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORKRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old, his little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We had little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched.

We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies and at once bought the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was entirely free and clean as any little baby's face. All those who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a scar on his face which is a pride for any boy to have in after years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 883 Grand Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin will be sent free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. B, Boston.

LADIES *WHY SUFFER?*

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a **50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN

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TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS That are successful—bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for free particulars. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kidos Dugdale Co., Desk 200, Washington, D. C.

Tailored Variety of Waists.

There will doubtless be a wide distribution of tailored linen waists for fall and winter, says the Dry Goods Economist. The regulation long sleeve, however, will show a predominance of the soft cuff finish. Wool taffeta and heavy wash silk will also be much in evidence. The narrow striped patterns closely resembling the wash silk waists so extensively used during the summer for traveling purposes.

Speaker Cannon was surely a bit mixed up the other day when he proposed to recognize "the gentleman from Dalzell, Mr. Pennsylvania," to make a motion in the house of representatives.

$10 A DAY And This Suit

YOU can easily make big money with our new co-operative plan, showing our wool samples and snappy fashions to your friends. It's new. They'll buy on sight, for you save them from $4 to $8, give them the best tailoring, style fashions and the most tailoring in the world.

Your Own Suit For Nothing

by taking enough on the first two or three orders to pay for it. Why not dress well, get our clothes at a confidential inside figure, and easily make from $5.00 to $10.00 a day? *No money or experience needed.* Agents's complete outfit sent FREE—60 rich woolen samples—perfect measuring system—full instructions—everything necessary to start you successfully in a big paying business all your own. All clothes made to measure. *Remember*

We Pay Express Charges

and take all the risk. Everything sent subject to examination and approval before payment is made. Clothes must fit and suit or your money back. *Send no money*—we furnish everything FREE. Just mail a postal today and the outfit will soon be flowing your way. We appoint only one agent in a town, so write quick and be the lucky man to get in on the big money.

RELIABLE TAILORING COMPANY, 815 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

This Suit For You

And a Free Outfit, Too!

Here's the easiest, quickest money you ever heard of. Just send your name and address and we will ship you—express prepaid—Swellest Big Outfit of Samples, Style Plates, showing over 100 most correct and latest styles in Men's Made-to-Measure Clothing; also our offer of a free all wool suit for you. We back you to win, no money or experience necessary. Our grand offer means to you at least

$50 A WEEK

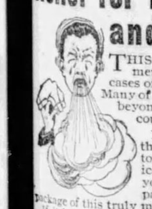
$50 a Week Easily Earned Selling the B. T. O. E.

Yes, Sir—The Best Tailoring on Earth! Suits and Overcoats, $6.50 up; Pants, $2.50 up. Perfect work guaranteed or satisfy or money back. We give you special confidential, inside wholesale prices and guarantee that you can undersell all others. You *must* coin money with our goods.

No Capital Needed We put you in this big paying business and take all the risk. We show you how and give you exclusive territory. Most liberal attractive offer ever made, *bar none!* Your spare time or all time. Keep this private and write us today.

ELK TAILORING CO., 755 Jackson Blv'd, Chicago, Ill.

Get This FREE Relief for HAY FEVER and ASTHMA



THIS wonderful modern treatment is curing thousands of cases of Asthma and Hay Fever. Many of these had been given up as beyond curing, as no remedy could be found to bring relief.

If you suffer from either of these dread diseases, write today to the National Chemical Co. and they will send you, with all charges prepaid, a full-size One Dollar package of this truly marvelous remedy.

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THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 5.—Although slightly higher than Saturday's closing level, wheat at the outset today was comparatively weak because of the easier tone to cables, especially advices from Germany, where there has been a reaction. It is reported that while climatic conditions have been unfavorable, Canada will raise one of the biggest crops in her history. At 10 a. m. cash and Sept. were ½c higher at 94½c, Dec. ¼c higher at 97⅜c and May ⅜c advanced at $1.03.

Wheat continued to decline consistently, cash and Sept closing ¼c off at 93¾c, Dec. ⅜c lower at 96⅜c and May ⅜c off at $1.02¼.

Corn opened firm with wheat. Sept. advanced to 69c before midday. Dec. was quoted ¼c up at 64⅝c early and at 10 a. m. May was unchanged at 69¼.

Save for slight advances in the two far months, corn closed at about Saturday's final prices.

Oats was rather erratic early and was controlled largely by other grains. At 10 a. m. Sept. was quoted ¼c lower at 45½c, Dec. unchanged at 48¼c, and May ¼c higher at 50⅜c.

Cash oats closed at 45¼c, Sept. 45⅛c, Dec. 47⅞c, May 49⅞c.

Clover seed showed a rather weak tendency early. At the end of the first half hour of trading, cash and Oct. stood at $11.85, Dec. at $11.75 and March at $11.70.

Closing as follows, clover seed showed a loss of about 27½c all around: Cash $11.70, Oct. $11.67½, Dec. and March $11.60.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Sept. 5.	Sept. 2.
Wheat—					
Cash	94⅜	....	....	93¾	94
Sept.	94¾	....	....	93¾	94
Dec.	98	....	....	96⅜	97⅛
May 1.03	....	....	....	1.02¼	1.02⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	68	68
Sept.	67⅝	69	....	67⅜	67⅝
Dec.	64⅝	....	....	64	64⅜
May	67¼	67½	....	66⅞	67¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45¼	45⅜
Sept.	45⅜	....	....	45¼	45⅜
Dec.	48¼	....	....	47⅝	48¼
May	50¾	....	....	49⅞	50½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	11.90	....	....	11.70	11.97½
Oct.	11.90	....	11.60	11.67½	11.95
Dec.	11.80	....	11.40	11.60	11.87½
Mar.	11.75	....	11.45	11.60	11.87½
No. 3	....	....	....	11.10	11.60
Rejected	....	....	....	10.75	11.00
N. F. G.	....	....	....	10.72½	@97½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	89	....
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	6.90	....
Sept.	....	....	....	6.82½	....
Dec.	....	....	....	6.80	....
Mar.	....	....	....	6.90	....
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	10.45	....
Dec.	....	....	....	10.55	....
Mar.	....	....	....	10.60	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	91¼	91½	....	90¼	91
Dec.	96	97⅛	95⅝	95½	95⅞
May 1.01⅜	1.02⅝	1.01⅜	1.01¼	1.01⅜	
Corn—					
Sept.	66⅜	....	65½	65⅞	65⅝
Dec.	64⅜	....	63⅝	63⅝	64⅝
May	66⅜	....	65⅞	65⅞	66⅜
Oats—					
Sept.	43⅞	....	....	42⅞	43⅞
Dec.	47	....	....	45⅞	46⅝
May	49⅝	49⅞	....	48⅝	49½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	98½	....	89½	97¾	88⅞
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01⅞	94

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	89½	89¼	....	88⅝	1.05⅜
Dec.	94⅜	....	....	93½	1.04⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.04⅜	1.02¼
Dec.	....	....	....	1.03⅜	1.04⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.04⅛	1.05⅜
Dec.	....	....	....	1.04	1.04⅜

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
Oct.	....	....	....	99⅝	99¼
Dec.	....	....	....	98⅜	98⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	15.80	....	....	15.70	15.60
Jan.	16.47	....	....	16.30	16.40
Lard—					
Sept.	9.60	....	....	9.50	9.57
Oct.	9.62	....	9.50	9.52	9.62
Jan.	9.35	9.47	9.30	9.32	9.35
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.10	9.15	9.02	9.05	9.22
Oct.	9.27	....	9.07	9.10	9.22
Jan.	9.50	....	....	8.40	8.42

New York Stocks.

New York, Sept. 5, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	122	122	122	122
Am. Loco. com	35⅝	35⅝	35⅝	35⅝
Am. Sg. Rfg. C.	117	117	117	117
Atchison	103½	104¾	103	104⅝
Am. Car & F. Co.	48½	49	48½	49
Anaconda	34	34½	34	34½
Amal. Copper	57¼	58¼	57¼	58¼
Am. Smelters	69⅜	70⅝	68⅞	70½
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	51	51	51	51
Am. Steel Fdy	31¾	31¾	31	31
Am. Tel. & Tel	134¼	135	134¼	135
Am. Tobacco pfd	93	95	93	94⅞
Am. Cotton Oil	52⅜	53½	52⅜	53½
Am. Beet Sugar	51	52	51	52
Biscuit com	131½	131½	131½	131½
Balt. & Ohio	99¼	100¼	99¼	100
Rlyn R. Trans	76	76½	76	76½
Beth. Steel com	29¼	30	29¼	30
Chicago & G. W.	18¼	18¼	18¼	18¼
Chicago G. W. pfd.	37	38⅜	37	38⅜
Canadian Pacific	226¼	228¾	226	228¾
Clover Leaf	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝
Clover Leaf pfd	39	39½	39	39½
Ches. & Ohio	71⅜	73⅝	71⅜	73
Central Leather	23⅜	24	23⅜	24
Consolidated Gas	134	134	134⅞	133⅞
Can pfd	85½	85⅝	85½	85½
Corn Product com	12⅝	12⅞	12⅝	12⅞
Distillers' Sec	30⅜	31⅞	30⅜	31⅝
Erie com	28⅜	30	28⅞	30
Erie 1st pfd	49	49⅝	49	49⅝
Erie 2d pfd	41	41	41	41
Gt. Northern pfd	122⅝	124	122⅝	124
Gt. Northern Ore	48	49	47¼	49
Ill. Central	138	138⅞	138	138⅝
Int. Harvester com	105½	107½	105¼	107½
Interborough com	14⅜	15½	14⅜	15¼
Interborough pfd	43	45	43⅜	44¾
Inter. Paper com	28⅞	28⅞	28⅞	28⅝
Louis & Nash	141⅞	141⅞	141⅝	141⅝
Laclede Gas	104	104½	104	104¼
Merc. Marine pfd	15	15	15	15
Missouri Pacific	40¼	41	40	41
M. S. M.	131¼	132	131¼	132
M., K. & T. com	29½	30½	29½	30½
Mex. Central	16½	17⅝	16⅝	17⅝
Nevada Con's.	17¼	17⅝	17¼	17⅝
Northwestern	139½	140	139½	140
N. Y. Central	103½	103⅝	103	103⅝
N. & W. com	102¾	102¾	102¾	102⅝
Ont. & Western	39¼	39½	39¼	39½
Penn. Ry.	120¼	121	120¼	121
Pacific Mail	28½	28½	28½	28½
People's Gas Co.	102¾	103¼	102¾	103¼
Reading com.	141¾	143⅝	141¾	143⅝
Rock Island	24½	25⅜	24⅜	25⅜
Rock Island pfd.	50¼	50½	50¼	50½
Ry. Steel Springs	30¼	30¼	30¼	30¼
South. Ry.	26⅞	27⅝	26⅞	27⅝
South. Ry. pfd.	67	67⅝	67	67⅝
Southern Pacific	108½	110⅝	108⅜	110½
South. Pac. Con. 4s.	96¼	96⅝	96¼	96⅜
Texas Pacific	24½	24⅝	24¼	24¼
Tenn. Copper	32	33¼	32	33¼
Union Pacific	167	169⅝	166⅜	169⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102⅝	102⅝	102½	102⅝
U. S. Steel	69⅝	71¼	69⅛	71¼
U. S. Steel pfd.	115	115⅝	115	115⅝
U. S. Steel 5's	104½	104½	104⅝	104½
U. S. Rubber com	36¼	37	36¼	37
Utah Copper	43	43⅝	42⅝	43¼
Virginia Chem.	52	53¼	52	53¼
Western Md.	56½	56½	56	56
Western Union	74⅝	75	74⅝	75
Westinghouse	65¼	65¼	65¼	65¼

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 5.—(Wall Street.)—Stocks opened on a decidedly lower level when trading was resumed after the three-day holiday. Opening transactions showed losses of a point or more among many of the railroad stocks with a decline of 3¼ in Canadian Pacific. Recessions among the industrial issues were less severe. The decline was ascribed chiefly to the fall in prices in the foreign markets since Friday.

First prices were the lowest. The marke thereafter rose gradually, but trading became progressively smaller as prices went up. Canadian Pacific recovered 1¼ and Union Pacific, Reading, St. Paul, Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central and United States Steel about ¾. Some of the inactive railroads and industrials were bid up 1 to 2 points. St. Louis Southwestern opened off 3 points.

The stock market lacked sufficient resiliency to throw off the effect of depression on the foreign exchanges, which caused a break at the opening here, and prices remained below Friday's close throughout the morning. Trading was on a comparatively small scale. The crisis in the strike proceedings on western railroads deterred traders from renewing bullish operations, and in the absence of definite developments the bear party was equally slow to act. Following the partial recovery after the opening the tone of the market became heavy again, when selling orders were executed in Atchison, Reading and Lehigh Valley, which sold a point below Friday's closing.

Little pressure was exerted against the general market and the whole list rose vigorously before midday. Bonds were steady.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 5.—Receipts of hogs were light and the market opened 5c lower, the close being weak. Prime calves were marked a little higher.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.60@7.70; good mediums, $7.80@7.90; heavy yorkers, $7.80@7.90; light yorkers, $7.25@7.55; good pigs, $6.75@7.00; bulk of sales, $7.85@7.90; good mixed, $7.80@7.85; stags and roughs, $5.75@6.65.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime expodt bulls, $4.00@4.25; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna, $3.00@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good heifers, $3.50@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; stockers, $3.50@4.00; stockers common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.25@3.75; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; top lambs, $6.00@6.50.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9 down; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $7.00@7.50; heavy and pailed, $5.00@6.00.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27½@28c; solid pack, 26½@27c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 22@27c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 12@18c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½c; New York state, 14c; brick, 15c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 19@20c; current receipts, 17@18c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.75@2.00; Spanish, crate, 45 lbs., $1.65; pickling, bu., $2.25; garlic, 10c.

Celery—Michigan small bunches, doz., 10@25c.

Lettuce—7c head; hamper, $1.75@2.00; Endive, 25@30c.

Mango Pepper—Bu., green, 25@30c; red, $1.00.

Egg Plant—Dozen, 50c.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, bu., 25@50c.

Tomatoes—Bu., 50c.

Beans—Home-grown, 60@70c; green Lima, qt., 15@15c.

Potatoes—Bbl., 2¾ bu., $3.40.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., $3.85; basket, $1.35.

Turnips—Bu., 60@75c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $1.50.

Cauliflower—Crate, $1.65.

Beets—Bu., 50@60c.

Radishes—Bunch, long, 10@12c; round 10@12c.

Parsley—Dozen bunches, 15c.

Onions—Green, doz., 10c.

Vegetable Oyster—Doz., 25c.

Carrots—Bu., 75c.

Sweet Corn—Doz., 10c.

Summer Squash—50@75c doz.; Boston Marrow, doz., $1.25; Hubbard, do., $1.75@2.00.

Cranberries—Oak Bog, bu., $2.50; Cape Cod, bu., $2.50.

Bananas—Bunch, 75c@$1.50.

Pineapples—Case, $4.00.

Oranges—Valencia, $4.25@4.75.

Lemons—California, $4.25@4.50; Verdilla, $4.50; Messini, $4.00@4.50.

Limes—30 to 100, $1.25@1.50.

Michigan Blueberries—Bu., $3.50.

Pears—Bu., 75c@$1.00.

Plums—1-5 bu. basket, 25c; bu., $1.25@1.75.

Apples—Bu., 25@75c; crabapples, 75c@$1.00.

Peaches—Crawfords and Elbertas, bu., $1.00@2.00.

Grapes—Bu., 75c@$1.50.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 2.—Hog receipts were extremely light and the market ruled 10c higher. Demand was active and not fully supplied. The close was strong.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.70@7.75; good mediums, $7.70@7.75; heavy yorkers, $7.80@7.90; light yorkers, $7.70@7.75; good pigs, $7.00@7.40; bulk of sales, $7.85@7.90; good mixed, $7.85@7.90; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.25; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna, $3.00@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good heifers $3.50@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, $3.50@4.00; stockers common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.25@3.75; good to choice mixed $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; top lambs, $6.00@6.50.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $7.00@7.50; heavy and pailed, $5.00@6.00.

Watermelons—70@75c.

Cantaloupes—Osages, 75c@$1.00.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10@10½c; heavy and rough, 9@9½c; calves, prime, 12@12½c; fair to fair, 11c.

Chickens—13½c; broilers, lb., 15c.

Yearling lambs, 10@11c; Easter lambs, pelts off, 10@12c; sheep, 5@7c.

Cow Beef—5@7c.

Steers—8@13c.

Heifers—7@9c

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 5.—Butter, steady; creameries, 26@27c; dairies, 18@22c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 7,543 cases; at mark, cases included, 11@17c; firsts, 17c; prime firsts, 18½c. Cheese, steady; daisies, 13½@13¾c; twins, 12½@12¾c; young Americas, 13¾@13¾c; long horns, 13¾@13¾c. Potatoes, weak; choice to fancy, $1.00@1.05; fair to good, 85@90c. Poultry, live, steady; turkeys, young, 18c; old, 14c; chickens, fowls, 12½c; springs, 12c. Veal, steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8@9c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9½@10½c; 85 to 10 lb. wts., 11c.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5310—Girls' Box Pleated Dress.

No style is more becoming to little girls than the straight box pleated effect. The model illustrated shows one of these dresses. The yoke is shaped in fancy outline, a tab extending down the front a short distance. The belt which encircles the waist may be of plain material or it may be of patent leather. Galatea, pique, linen, madras and percale are all suitable materials. The pattern 5310 is cut in sizes 2 to 10 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of material 44 inches wide.

4129 Children's Dress

This dress has a round yoke, quite shallow, and around this the material of the balance of the dress is gathered. It is quite full in the center of the front and back and is flat on the shoulders. The neck may be cut out round if preferred, and this is certainly the better way in warm weather. The small sleeves are puffs and reach just below the elbow. For very little children there is nothing quite as daint y as white lawn or batiste. The pattern, 4129, is cut in sizes 6 months to 5 years. Medium size will require 1⅞ yards of material 36 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of insertion and 1⅝ yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

5588 Girl's Raglan Coat.

The Raglan shoulder is among the newest of the various styles in use for coats. The long tab has somewhat the kimono effect and is more comfortable. For these coats reversible cloth is especially desirable, as it needs no lining and tweeds and heather mixtures and mannish materials in general are well liked for them. The pattern, 5588, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 50-inch material.

5102 Ladies' House Dress.

The kimono shoulder is the feature of this dress, which is suitable for percale, chambray, gingham, challis, cashmere and brilliantine. The pattern, 5102, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

5436—Suitable for Pongee.

In this coat we have one of the many modifications of the popular polo coat. Everyone is wearing long coats this summer and they are made of cheviot, of serge, of satin and of pongee, plain or rately trimmed in contrast and generally with a touch of gold or steel. This model is quite loose, slightly fitted by the long seams which extend from shoulder to hem, in both front and back. The closing is very low down at the left side and there is a large ornamental collar, square in the back and of shawl shape in front, ending at the closing. Plain sleeves end in a turnback cuff at the wrist. The pattern, 5436, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅝ yards of 44-inch material, 1⅞ yards of 24-inch satin to trim.

5568—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt.

The new skirts are all showing certain trimming features, and in the model illustrated we have the deep flounce effect in a novel manner. A small pleat is placed at each side seam and also in the center of the back. For a skirt of this character such materials as chiffon, broadcloth, serge, cheviot, satin and the like are appropriate. The pattern, 5568, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 50-inch material

4047—Ladies' Tailored Shirtwaist.

The tailor-made style of shirtwaist has a look of its own which is always smart. The model illustrated is one of these. There is no trimming of any kind and the slight fullness at the waist line is gathered in and held by a belt. Plain shirt sleeves are finished with a cuff designed for the closing is in the center of the front and other studs or buttons may be used. French and Scotch flannel, taffetas, satin, challis and gingham are all appropriate materials for such a waist. The pattern, 4047, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3⅛ yards of 27-inch material.

3519—A Simple Dressing Sacque.

There is no garment more comfortable than the dressing sacque. It may be made of something substantial or of sheer lawn, but if it is for constant use in the mornings a pretty light colored yard wash goods will be found serviceable. The pattern 3519 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material and 2¾ yards of edging.

5576—Misses' Dress.

This dress shows us one of the novel tunic effects. It is cut with the high waistline and the underskirt consists of a two-piece foundation with the tunic over it. Sheer fabrics such as grenadine, voile, crepe, net and the like, are effective made in this manner and a figured material combined with a plain one will also be handsome. The pattern, 5576, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured material, 2¾ yards of plain, ½ yard of 18-inch tucking, 3¾ yards of insertion to make as pictured.

5580—Ladies' Fitted Corset Cover.

The fitted corset cover is absolutely necessary under the waists of the day and our model is shaped by French seams in both front and back. For sheer materials this corset cover may be made of silk or satin, organdie, batiste, cambric and English long cloth. The pattern, 5580, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, requires 1 yard of 36 inch material.

5571—Ladies' Yoke Waist.

This smart bodice has a novel effect in the fancy yoke to which the balance of the material is gathered somewhat in baby fashion. This lower part of the waist is cut in one with the sleeves which are of elbow length. Messaline, foulard, crepe, voile, batiste, etc., are appropriate for this waist. The pattern, 5571, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material.

5589—Ladies' Kimono.

No matter how styles change the kimono remains a favorite. The model illustrated is one of the best. It is made with a little fullness shirred at each shoulder and with the back plain and snug. The sleeves are long and the neck only a trifle open. Printed silk and cotton crepe, flannel, cashmere, etc., are suitable for this garment. The pattern, 5589, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6¾ yards of 36 inch material

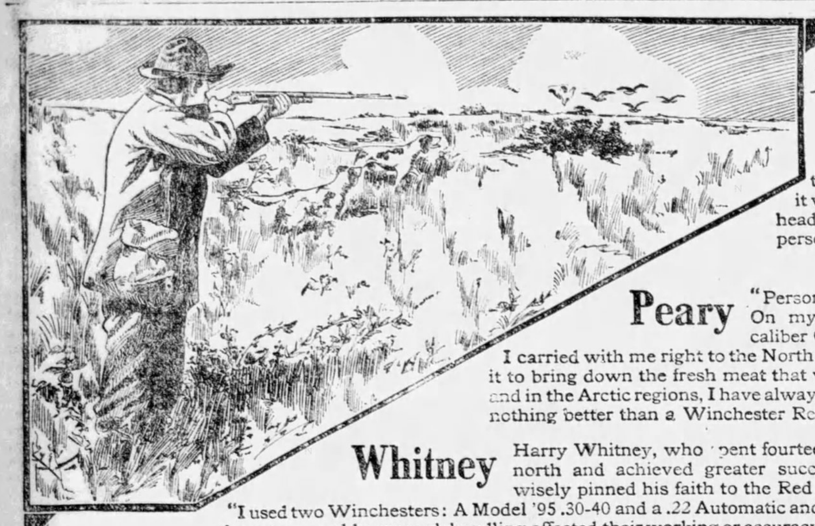
New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 5.—Flour firm and held higher; spring patents, $5.10@5.40; winter straights, $3.90@4.10; winter patents, $4.20@4.50; spring clears, $4@4.35; winter extra No 1, $3.35@3.50; winter extra No. 2, $3.15@3.25. Kansas straights, $4.25@4.45. Wheat—Owing to cables and strength of outside markets wheat was firm this morning; December, 98¼@98½c; May, $1.02¼@1.02 9-16c. Beef steady; mess, $12.50@13; family, $13.50@14; beef hams, $29.50@32.50. Pork firm; mess, $19@19.50; family, $19@20; short clears, $16.75@17.50. Lard firm; middle west, $9.55@9.65. Raw sugar firm; Muscovado, 89 test, 6.86c; centrifugal 96 test, 5.36c; molasses sugar 89 test, 4.61c; refined firm; crushed, 6.95c; granulated, 6.25c; powdered, 6.05c. Petroleum steady; refined barrels, 7.25. Coffee—Spot quiet; No. 7 Rio, 13¾c; No. 4 Santos, 14¼c. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 30@50c. Hay steady; prime, $1.35@1.40; No. 1, $1.20@1.25; No. 2, $1@1.10; No. 3, 85@90c.

Butter, firm; receipts 11,959; creamery specials, 27c; extras, 26c; first, 24@25c; seconds, 22@23c; thirds, 20½@21½c; state dairy, finest, 25@25½c; good to prime, 23@24c; common to fair, 19@21½c. Cheese, firm; special fancy, 23c; extras, 22@22½c; first, 20@21c; seconds, 18½@19c; factory, current make, first, 20c; seconds, 19@19½c. Cheese, firm; receipts 538; state, whole milk, special 13½c; do. average fancy small, 13¾@14c; do. average fancy, large, colored, 12¾c; do. average fancy, large, white, 13¾c asked; do. lower grades, colored and white, 10½@12½c; state, whole milk, daisies, best, 14c; skims, 1½@11c. Eggs, firm; receipts 13,494; fresh gathered, extras, 24@25c; extra firsts, 21@21½c; firsts, 19@20c; seconds, 17@18c; thirds, 15@16c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 14@14½c; do. poor to fair, 11@13c; fresh gathered checks, good to prime, 13@13½c; do. poor to fair, case, 24@26c; refrigerator, season's average, charged paid, 20½@21c; seconds, 18@20c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, white, fancy, new laid, 32@33c; do. fair to good, 28@31c; do. gathered, whites, 26@31c; do. hennery, brown, 26@27c; do. gathered, brown and mixed, 19@25c; western gathered white, 19@24c. Poultry—Dressed irregular; western broilers, 17@21c; fowls, 15@17½c; spring turkeys, 28@30c; old do, 12@13c.

Pittsburgh Live Stock.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle, steady. Hogs, receipts light, steady to 5c lower; heavy $7.80@7.85; mixed, $7.90@7.95; mediums and yorkers, $8@8.05; light, $7.75@8.05



DO AS THEY DO

Roosevelt "Tarlton took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for the Winchester .405 is, at least for me personally, the 'medicine gun' for lions."
Ex-President Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine.

Peary "Personally I always carry a Winchester rifle. On my last expedition I had a Model 1892 .44 caliber Carbine and Winchester cartridges, which I carried with me right to the North Pole. After I left the ship I depended upon it to bring down the fresh meat that we needed. Since 1888, both in Nicaragua and in the Arctic regions, I have always used the Winchester Repeaters. I desire nothing better than a Winchester Repeater." *—Commander Robert E. Peary.*

Whitney Harry Whitney, who spent fourteen months in the Arctic and hunted farther north and achieved greater success than any sportsman ever did before, wisely pinned his faith to the Red W combination. He says of it:
"I used two Winchesters: A Model '95 .30-40 and a .22 Automatic and Winchester cartridges with both. Neither the extreme cold nor rough handling affected their working or accuracy. They never failed me." *—Harry Whitney.*

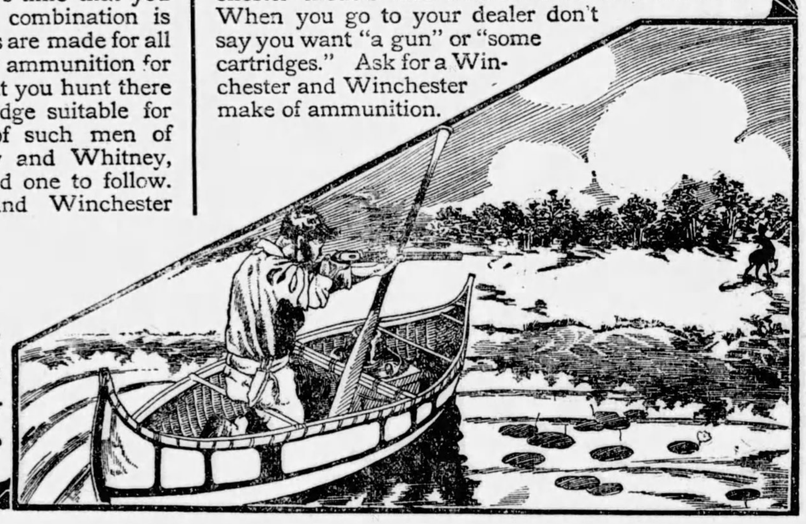
SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS THE WORLD OVER SHOOT

WINCHESTER

GUNS AND AMMUNITION, THE RED W BRAND.

It's time to think about your hunting equipment. If you don't own a Winchester and haven't been using Winchester ammunition, it's time that you should. The superiority of this combination is well established. Winchester guns are made for all kinds of shooting and Winchester ammunition for all kinds of guns. No matter what you hunt there is a Winchester gun and cartridge suitable for your purpose. The example of such men of achievement as Roosevelt, Peary and Whitney, and thousands of others, is a good one to follow. They use Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition with satisfaction and success. So can you.

Drop into your dealer's before the season opens and renew your acquaintance with the old Winchester models and make friends with the new. When you go to your dealer don't say you want "a gun" or "some cartridges." Ask for a Winchester and Winchester make of ammunition.



Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition are made in the same plant for each other and sold everywhere.

VEGETABLE HUMUS IN FARM SOIL

Undecomposed Material Is Sometimes of More Harm Than Good on Land.

The word "humus," as applied to the black, waxy coat of soil grains, was suggested by Grandeau, an early French agricultural scientist. Today the name humus is used for all kinds of organic matter in the soil. If a study is made of the kinds of vegetable matter in the soil it will be found that they play quite different parts. This would make it seem that not all humus is humus.

We are told that an examination of the vegetable and animal remains in the soil demonstrates three rather distinct classes of material, which, however, may overlap one another to some extent.

All cultivated soils contain, practically, (a) entirely undecomposed vegetable matter; (b) actually decomposing vegetable matter; (c) stubborn waxy material that has accumulated as the result of the decay of large amounts of vegetable matter. The latter material only slowly accumulates in the soil, but its presence is all-important. This black waxy coating of soil grains furnishes little plant food, but it has fully as important duty to perform—the retaining of water in the soil.

Undecomposed Material.

Except in improving the mechanical condition, the entirely undecomposed material in the soil is of little value to the soil. On soils that are naturally light, an excess of such material is apt to be harmful. To this class of material belong strawy manure, shavings, sawdust, hairy refuse, coarse roots and stubbles.

Not before vegetable matter or even animal refuse decomposes does it become truly active. Well-rotted and rotting manure, the fine roots of the cereals and grasses and the succulent, easily rotted green manuring crops, such as clover and other legumes, are good examples of this active vegetable matter.

Rapid decomposition of this material liberates the store of plant food contained in it. Considerable of its nitrogen is rapidly converted into readily usable nitrates, thus setting before the new crop some of the nitrogen that last year's crop removed. This active organic matter, if it is the remains of clover plants, furnishes the new crop nitrogen previously garnered from the air. Easily decomposable clover roots and tops always furnish through their active decay a quick supply of usable nitrogen. Not only made available, but rapid decomposition sets free the store of mineral plant food that is present in this active vegetable matter.

How Truck Growers Manage.

Green stems, leaves, manure and roots must pass rather rapidly through this stage if they are to furnish part of the potassium, phosphorus, etc., needed by the growing plants. Truck growers and gardeners commonly appreciate this fact, for they use every means at their hand to promote this change of vegetable matter into useful plant food. Composting and frequent cultivation after application of the manure hasten the process.

A recent writer says that on many soils naturally too open and too porous it is undesirable that this decomposition should be allowed to go so rapidly. On light, sandy soils, where leaching may be a serious problem, and where it is especially desirable to increase the water-holding capacity, we want to delay these processes if possible, or use vegetable matter that will not rot quite so quickly. On such soils peat has been found useful in conserving the water supply, while at the same time furnishing some nitrogen.

Besides unlocking the supply of food that it itself contains the decay of this active material furnishes a supply of carbon dioxid to the soil water. Soil water, charged with the carbon dioxid, attacks the mineral soil grains and unlocks from them potassium, phosphorus, as well as other plant foods.

Reference has already been made to the third class of vegetable matter, the inactive "true" humus. While the second class of organic matter contributes much to the present store of fertility, we must depend upon this relatively inactive material for permanent fertility. Even though it may decay but slowly, it is constantly furnishing some food, while at the same time doing that which active organic matter can aid but little, holding the water in the soil.

The three classes of vegetable matter are all necessary, and each has its task to perform, the first to improve the mechanical condition of very heavy soils, the second to furnish plant food, but to both add to the water-holding power of the soil, and improve the tilth of the soil.

WE GIVE YOU AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE

Do Not Imagine the Roots of Your Hair Dead while They are Lying Dormant in the Scalp.
Investigate Koskott Method; Let us Send You Our New Book Free, for Koskott is Genuine.

DON'T REMAIN BALD

READ every word of this if your hair is thinning, falling out, if turning gray, if you have dandruff, or are becoming bald. Probably you have tried various tonics, lotions, shampoos, outfits, treatments, etc., with out success. Why? Because they are **wrong in principle**; some of them actually promote baldness. If you tried, you know. **Modern scientists** have absolutely proved the existence of one of the smallest parasites known to science, **dermodex folliculorum.** It gets on the scalp from combs, brushes, etc., that have been used by other people. They gather around hair follicles, exist upon the hair and its natural oil. **The hair becomes weak and falls out,** leaving the roots, which are soon stifled in morbid matter and covered by seborrhea. The **dermodex folliculorum,** like all microbes or infinitesimally small parasites, multiplies rapidly. This causes the falling of hair and baldness. **By ridding the scalp of these minute "germs,"** and promoting the natural feeding of the hair roots by pure blood and natural oils, the roots which have been dormant in the follicles, or under shell-like cover of morbid matter, are able to again send forth **long, vigorous, healthy hairs.** Imagine, please, a bulb or root of a plant corked tightly in a bottle; it will remain so for years until the bottle is uncorked and elements provided to permit growth. So it is with hair. Nothing can cause hair to grow from a root that is dead, BUT DON'T BE TOO SURE IT IS DEAD, even if you have been bald for years. **Many proven cases** show that hair is grown after a person has been bald for many years—the true reason being that the dormant **"corked-in" roots** were finally given a chance to perform their natural functions again. **Koskott Treatment** often succeeds where all others fail; **most wonderful hair-growing Method.**

Don't wait until you have combed out all your hair before using the Koskott Treatment. Don't wear false hair.

Dermodex Folliculorum, Greatly Magnified.

THIS KILLS **YOUR HAIR**

Koskott Treatment contains specially selected and scientifically compounded ingredients, the purpose of which is to **quickly and gently clear the scalp and follicle** apertures of the **dermodex folliculorum** and **seborrhea** and to cause the dormant roots to be properly nourished through the blood and glands, **just as nature intends.** A light, downy growth is often discerned within a few days, this developing rapidly into beautiful, **SOFT, HEALTHY HAIR** of natural color. Prove it yourself. **NO MORE DANDRUFF. NO FALSE HAIR. NO BALDNESS.**

We want to send the book that tells about our Koskott Treatment! we ask you to write for it at once. It will be sent in plain wrapper, absolutely FREE, postpaid. You will say it is the best book on hair you ever read. We know you will be **astonished & delighted.** Do not waste time, act now. **Save your hair.** Every day counts. Address

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 490 C, New York, N. Y.

FREE

RUMORS OF WAR SET PARIS AFLAME ON TUESDAY

Paris, Sept. 5.—Although Germany has made no reply as yet to France's proposal of yesterday relative to the Moroccan dispute, and while none is expected by the French foreign officials for some days, many rumors, doubtless due to uncertainty as to the outcome of the negotiations are current.

La Patrie, in headlines running across its entire front page, announces a considerable movement of French troops toward the French frontier. Inquiries made at the ministry of war elicited the information that this movement is connected with the maneuvers of the French army, which, beginning today, will last until September 13. In addition to the garrisons stationed in the district, 30,000 troops are now moving toward the eastern boundary for concentration at Belfort, the almost impregnable frontier fortress which is the objective point of the army.

The Paris bourse was affected to only a slight degree today by the Moroccan situation. Some French money in the process of withdrawal from Berlin, either directly or through Swiss banks, was explained by the unusual demands of the approaching January payments.

WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE-SHOER DIES NEAR TRACK

Cleveland, August 30.—W. A. Rawson, a blacksmith, known throughout the horse world as the most expert horseshoer in America, died at the North Randall track today of congestion of the lungs.

In his time he probably had shod more horses holding speed records than any man who ever worked at an anvil.

In 1896, when John A. Murphy, of Chicago, purchased Star Pointer, he sent for Rawson, then conducting a shop in that city, to have the horse, a confirmed knee-hitter, properly shod and balanced. Rawson straightened out Star Pointer to such an extent that he paced a mile in 1:59¼, a new world's record.

When W. J. White, of Cleveland, purchased Star Pointer, he brought Rawson with him to this city. After White sold the pacer, "Doc" Tanner, trainer for C. K. G. Billings, persuaded him to do the shoeing for the Billings stable. Since then he has shod Lou Dillon, Uhlan and numerous other holders of world's records.

NEW WORLD'S SPEED RECORD

Biddeford, Me., Sept. 5.—Louis Disbrow, driving a Pope-Hartford, made a new world's automobile record at Old Orchard Beach this afternoon, going 25 miles in 15 minutes 25 seconds.

CENSUS BUREAU'S OHIO CROP STATISTICS FOR TEN YEARS

Wheat Production Shows Small Decrease, While Other Crops Make Large Gains.

Washington, D. C., August 31.—Statistics relative to the leading crops of the state of Ohio, collected at the thirteenth decennial census, April 15, 1910, are contained in an official statement issued today by Census Director Durand. It is based on tabular summaries prepared under the direction of Dr. Le Grand Powers, chief statistician for agriculture in the bureau of the census. The figures are preliminary and subject to slight revision later, when a few other farms, whose returns, now incomplete, will be included in the final tables. It is not expected that these additions will materially modify the amounts or rates given in the present statement.

The leading crops of the state for 1909, ranked in the order of valuation, were: Corn, $82,327,000; hay and forage, $42,357,000; wheat, $31,113,000; oats, $23,212,000; potatoes, $9,378,000; and tobacco, $8,999,000.

Slight Increase in Corn.

During the 10 years from 1899 to 1909 corn increased 90,037 acres, or 2.4 per cent. Starting with 3,281,923 acres in 1879, corn fell to 3,189,553 in 1889, rose to 3,826,013 in 1899, and again to 3,916,050 in 1909. The total yield in 1909 was 157,513,300 bushels; the average yield per acre, 40 bushels; the average value per acre, $21.

For the decade ending 1909 hay and forage showed an increase of 291,200 acres, or 9.7 per cent. From 2,189,782 acres in 1879, hay and forage increased to 2,992,026 in 1889, to 3,015,261 in 1899, and again to 3,306,461 in 1909. The total yield in 1909 was 4,521,397 tons; the average yield per acre, 1.4 tons; the average value per acre, $12.80.

Big Crop in Wheat.

Wheat, in the decade from '899 to 1909, decreased 1,381,142 acres, or 43 per cent. From 2,556,134 acres in 1879, wheat dropped by 1889 to 2,269,585, rose by 1899 to 3,209,074, but again fell by 1909 to 1,827,932. The aggregate yield in 1909 was 30,663,704 bushels, of which 30,651,880 bushels was winter wheat. The average yield per acre was 17 bushels; the average value per acre, $17.

Oats, between 1899 and 1909, increased 672,347, or 60.3 per cent. From 910,388 acres in 1879, oats rose to 1,215,355 in 1889, fell to 1,115,149 in 1899, and rose again by 1909 to 1,787,496. The total yield in 1909 was 57,791,046 bushels; the average yield per acre, 32 bushels; the average value per acre, $13.

During the decade prior to 1909 potatoes increased 45,218 acres, or 27 per cent. From 1889, when 185,393 acres were harvested, potatoes fell by 1899 to 167,590, and again rose by 1909 to 212,808. The aggregate yield in 1909 was 20,322,984 bushels; the average yield per acre, 96 bushels; the average value per acre, $44.10.

For the decade ending 1909 tobacco showed an increase of 35,055 acres, or 49.1 per cent. Starting with 34,676 acres in 1879, tobacco rose to 44,303 in 1889, to 71,422 in 1899, and again to 106,477 in 1909. The aggregate yield in 1909 was 88,603,308 pounds; the average yield per acre, 832 pounds; the average value per acre, $84.50.

Crop Comparisons.

The cereals had an aggregate of 7,649,873 acres in 1909, as compared to 8,214,960 acres in 1899, a decrease of 565,087, or 7.4 per cent, the decrease in the acreage of wheat, together with a small decrease in that of barley, being much more than enough to offset the increases in the other cereals. Among the cereals corn exceeded all others in acreage and value, being equal to more than one-half and nearly three-fifths, respectively, of the total acreage and total value of the cereals. Wheat ranked second, having an acreage and value, respectively, slightly less than one-fourth as great as the total cereals. Oats stood third, equaling more than nine-tenths and about three-fourths the acreage and value, respectively, of wheat. The average value of cereals per acre in 1909 was $18, being about one and one-half times that of hay and forage and slightly more than one-fifth that of tobacco. Corn showed the highest average value per acre; rye the lowest. Of the hay and forage crops, "timothy alone" ranked first, not only in value but also in acreage, constituting more than one-half of the total acreage and total value of the entire hay and forage crop. "Timothy and clover mixed" was second in acreage and value, while "clover alone" stood third, with "coarse forage" a close fourth. There were a number of miscellaneous crops, and the most of them were well above the more usual crops in value per acre.

The Tabular Summary.

The following table presents the statistics of the leading crops and of certain minor crops for the year 1909. Data for other minor crops, fruits, vegetables, etc., will be published later.

Crop.	Farms reporting.	Acres harvested	Quantity. Amount	Unit.	Value.
Cereals, total	.....	7,649,873	247,949,763	Bush.	$137,907,934
Corn	233,102	3,916,050	157,513,300	..do..	82,327,269
Oats	150,180	1,787,496	57,791,046	..do..	23,212,352
Wheat, total	.....	1,827,932	30,663,880	..do..	31,112,975
Common winter	137,455	1,827,263	30,651,880	..do..	31,100,836
Common spring	89	658	11,595	..do..	11,979
Durum or macaroni	6	11	229	..do..	160
Emmer and spelt	74	253	5,185	..do..	3,053
Barley	4,753	24,075	569,279	..do..	311,741
Buckwheat	6,430	26,073	483,410	..do..	303,220
Rye	10,224	67,912	921,919	..do..	636,276
Kafir corn and milo maize	39	82	1,920	..do..	1,048
Other Grains and seeds					
Flaxseed	120	552	4,809	..do..	6,307
Alfalfa seed	7	.....	97	..do..	925
Clover seed	13,861	.....	169,082	..do..	1,154,015
Millet seed	16	.....	1,215	..do..	1,149
Timothy seed	4,172	20,595	107,048	..do..	182,656
Other tame grass seed	182	.....	11,163	..do..	13,391
Dry edible beans	2,108	1,139	13,665	..do..	30,082
Dry peas	132	323	3,041	..do..	5,298
Peanuts	11	.....	31	..do..	49
Hay and forage, total	.....	3,306,461	4,521,397	Tons	42,357,364
Timothy alone	140,080	1,887,960	2,348,660	..do..	24,388,403
Tim. and clover mixed	82,766	1,016,966	1,346,347	..do..	13,042,854
Clover alone	20,329	181,048	239,492	..do..	2,115,024
Alfalfa	6,945	29,439	70,126	..do..	779,894
Millet, or Hun. grass	2,422	8,005	12,104	..do..	99,490
Other tame or cultivated grasses	4,177	53,005	44,965	..do..	390,892
Wild, salt or prairie grasses	253	2,471	2,933	..do..	18,460
Grains cut green	1,133	5,437	11,970	..do..	80,970
Coarse forage	11,164	121,967	443,512	..do..	1,432,592
Root forage	73	163	1,288	..do..	8,805
Sundry crops:					
Potatoes	199,410	212,808	20,322,984	Bush.	9,377,955
Sweet pots. and yams	8,238	1,143	133,798	..do..	104,181
Tobacco	23,119	106,477	88,603,308	Lb.	8,998,887
Hops	14	18	2,428	..do..	305
Broom corn	383	170	92,292	..do..	9,116
Ginseng	22	.....	1,779	.....	11,268

CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES

New York's Mayor Praises Plan of Farmers to Sell to Consumers.

New York, Sept. 1.—In a speech to 65 Pennsylvania farmers who called on him at city hall, Mayor Gaynor attacked the trusts which, he declared, constituted one of the chief causes of the high cost of living. His speech was the longest he has delivered since he was shot by Gallagher.

Another cause for the high cost of commodities, the mayor declared, was the overproduction of gold. This large production has tended to cheapen money not only in this country but throughout the world, so that fewer commodities could be bought for a dollar today than formerly.

Denounces Rebates by Roads.

Favoritism by railroads to trusts and combinations in the matter of freight rates stagnated competition and drove many a man out of business.

"I have mentioned to you," said Mr. Gaynor, "the two chief things that are meddling with and disturbing prices—the great output of gold, which we cannot complain of because that is in the province of Almighty God, and the laws of nature. The other we can complain of and do complain of and must stop.

Lauds Plan of Farmers.

"Now, your object, which is to get things down here and get them to the consumer as near to the price that you receive as possible, is most laudable. I assure you we will be glad to get them at that price if you can manage to give them to us. You may encounter a hard job, but if you persevere and your movement spreads, I think something can be accomplished on that line. I can only say that while I am here I shall be glad to meet you and assist you in any way I can."

The farmers represented a delegation from the Pennsylvania state grange having a membership of 62,000. One object of their organization, which it is planned to spread to other states, is to deal directly with the consumer.

BOY SLAYER GIVEN 20 YEARS

Paul Geidel Sentenced to Long Term in Prison.

New York, Sept. 5.—Paul Geidel, the bellboy who slew William H. Jackson, the broker, was sentenced today by Judge Crain, in general sessions court, to serve not less than 20 years in state's prison.

LABOR MAKES WALL ST. 'SORE'

New York, Sept. 5.—The past week has been a period of continued unsettlement of the Stock Exchange. The chief reasons for this were the discouraging labor and political situation, says Henry Clews. There is unquestionably a deep feeling of uneasiness regarding the present aggressive attitude of labor, coming at a time when business and economic conditions are so unfavorable to making further concessions. The difficulties with labor appear to be chiefly confined among the railroads, and have been greatly stimulated by success of the labor agitation in England. The conditions on both sides, however, are vitally different. American railroad employes have already received liberal advances in wages; and the inability of the railroads to secure better rates, coupled with a general shrinkage in the volume of traffic, renders the position of the companies a very discomforting one. On the other hand the British railroad employes were poorly paid, and have had no advance, although the British railroads have been enjoying a period of more than average prosperity. The demands of the English employes were supported by a degree of reasonableness, which does not exist in the demands of American railroad labor. Should our American employes insist upon forcing their demands, the results cannot but be disastrous both to themselves, the railroads and public interest in general. As to the political outlook, that is still regarded with timidity, especially in view of the approaching tariff agitation and the premature opening of the presidential campaign. Others factors which checked the spirit of optimism, so marked a month ago, have been the general quietness of trade in all parts of the country, the spirit of economy which is spreading both from necessity and diminished consumption, as well as a reaction from recent extravagance.

These conditions, in brief, account for the prevailing tone of pessimism which is more acute in Wall street than in any other part of the country. How deep and how for this financial distemper will go remains to be seen, and it remains to be seen whether or not it has not been overdone.

Opening of the

Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations

466,562 acres of rich land in Mellette and Bennett Counties, South Dakota, will be opened for settlement by the U. S. Government.

Secure a farm at small cost in a region especially well adapted to high grade agriculture and grazing.

Register any day, **October 2 to 21, 1911,** at **Chamberlain** or **Rapid City, South Dakota,** on the line of the

CHICAGO Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY

The Shortest Line to the Reservations

Round trip homeseekers' tickets at greatly reduced fares on sale to Chamberlain and Rapid City on October 3 and 17.

Descriptive literature, maps and full information sent free on request to

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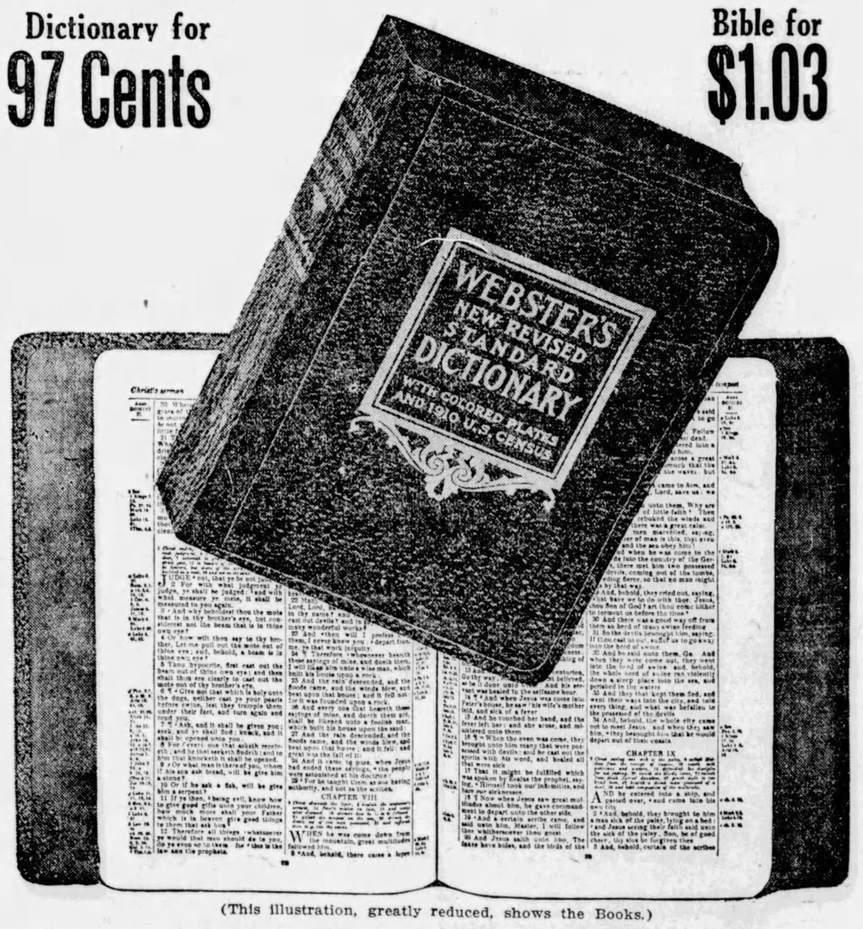
F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO

$2.50 For Readers of The Toledo Weekly Blade only $2.50

Dictionary for 97 Cents

Bible for $1.03



(This illustration, greatly reduced, shows the Books.)

Webster's New Revised Standard Dictionary

A splendid Dictionary of the English Language, has a valuable appendix, containing a world of information. Contains the new 1910 census—many colored plates of artistic beauty. It is bound in genuine limp leather, printed on good paper, the title on back is real gold leaf, and is an excellent value at the regular price, which is $2.50.

The Sunday School Teachers' Bible

Contains 1350 pages, printed on imported Bible paper, from clear cut plates, is of convenient size and a limp flexible binding. It has many beautiful half-tone photographs of the Holy Land, a family record, a concordance of 150 pages and 40,000 references. The type is clear and distinct and easily read and is worth $2.50.

How to Obtain These Valuable Books

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